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A WEEK OF THE WORLD

COUNT BERNSTORFF'S memoirs, dealing as they do mainly with 'the war before the war' in America, possess exceptional interest for our people. The extracts we publish this week, in connection with the first installments of the *Vossische Zeitung's* review of the book, do not deal with the most critical days of his Washington service, when the fate of the war was balancing between American mediation and American intervention. That chapter of diplomatic history has been more discussed than any other in Germany; and what Count Bernstorff had to tell regarding it has already been made public in his evidence before the Committee of the National Assembly to investigate responsibility for the origin and conduct of the war.

Our readers will be interested in learning, in a later number, what the former Ambassador has to say regarding the conspiracies to blow up American munition works and otherwise to interfere with industries serving the Allies; and regarding German propaganda against the United States in Mexico and South America.

IN a recent issue we referred to the complaints of official incapacity and avarice heard from those regions of devastated France which are now in process of reconstruction. This week we print an article in a similar strain by a visitor to the recovered territories of Italy. War's prodigality and waste create habits which survive the arrival of peace. Instances of official extravagance and incompetence in the reconstruction areas are perhaps inevitable; but they are peculiarly to be lamented, because they not only cause needless suffering to those who already have suffered much, and unnecessary expense to overburdened treasuries, but also tend to make the frontier zones of the former belligerent powers areas of permanent social discontent.

THE revival of anti-Semitism throughout Europe is but one phase of the tide of hatred which, for the moment, submerges the old continents. Among the curiosities of future historical literature will be, doubtless, the writings of men who explain the origin of the World War by the rivalry and hostility of Roman and Orthodox Catholics on the Serbian border; or who ascribe the war and the subsequent revolution solely to Jewish machinations. Supporters of both theories are already in the field. Distrust of the Jews, culmi-

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nating oftentimes in extreme hatred, is a class sentiment among the peasantry of a great part of eastern and central Europe. But it is doubtful whether that sentiment would manifest itself in violence and persecution unless encouraged by leaders from other classes of society. It is being sedulously promoted for political reactionary purposes in Austria, Hungary, and Bavaria, where the cleavage between the country proletariat and the city proletariat is very obvious, and it is being met by an aggressive Socialist campaign among the peasantry.

While this division is less marked in the Latin countries, it is important enough to shape the policies of the revolutionary parties. We have already commented upon the extension of radical agitation among the peasantry and rural laborers of Spain and Italy. In the latter country outbreaks have occurred in which a number of estates were burned.

French Socialist papers report that similar unrest prevails among the tenant population of Southwestern France. At Saint Vincent de Tyrosse and Penchorade revolutionary peasants have participated in disorderly demonstrations under the Red flag. They have formed societies to work in union with the organized city proletariat. The tenants (*métayers*) demand that certain unpopular taxes shall be abolished, and that the clauses in their contracts requiring them to pay rent in kind shall be canceled.

WE trust we shall not be accused of promoting Bolshevism because we publish this week an article by Lenin. It is addressed to people who have rather different intellectual background from that of the readers of the LIVING AGE; but it should none the less do more than gratify intellectual curiosity. It shows what the Bolshevist leaders consider the weak points in the armor of the established order, and discloses somewhat the line of strategy they propose to follow.

The article is translated from a well-printed illustrated quarto periodical of nearly one hundred and fifty pages, which is issued regularly by the Moscow Government in Russian, French, German, and English. The copy in our hands was brought out of Odessa after its recent capture by the Red army, where great quantities of this and other Bolshevist publications had been assembled for proselyting purposes.

Lenin's description of Soviet Russia as the first government in history 'truly representing the majority of the people' may be compared with the following account of a Moscow election, by a British officer recently returned from that city:

> A Bolshevist candidate would be put forward, and on supporters being asked about eight hands would be put up and perhaps about a thousand against. The chairman would then politely state that he would be glad to have the signatures of those who were opposed to the Bolshevist candidate. Not a man, for obvious reasons, would come forward, and the friend of the people was consequently elected.

We pair with Lenin's interpretation of world conditions an amusing skit, taken from the principal German language paper of Budapest, which illustrates a conception of Americans and American designs not uncommonly held by Europeans — or at least exploited in their press.

PREPARATORY to the anticipated resumption of trade with the rest of Europe, the Bolshevist masters of Russia have issued strict regulations for controlling railway labor in the Soviet Republic. According to *Ekonomitcheskaya Zhizn* of February 23, it is ordered that all workmen employed in the maintenance of way and

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in repair shops, shall report for duty within ten minutes of the sounding of the first factory whistle. Twenty minutes are allowed at mid-day for luncheon. No employee is permitted to leave his work during labor hours, or to read a newspaper or to discuss politics during that time. If an employee fails to report for duty three days in succession, or three days in any one month, without good excuse, he is to be dismissed immediately. No furloughs or vacations are permitted.

Workers are forbidden to present complaints directly to their foreman. They must bring them to the attention of the Division Inspector, or the Shop Manager, who will transmit them to the higher authorities. Workmen must obey the orders of their superiors strictly and without protest. Whenever the good of the service demands, individual employees or groups of employees may be transferred to another place of employment. Heavy penalties are inflicted upon employees who disturb their associates or create disaffection in the workshops. Not only the individual employee, but the trade society to which he belongs, is held responsible if he neglects his duties. The piece work system of payment is reëstablished. Strikes are illegal and treasonable and will be sternly suppressed. Persons inciting strikes will be tried and sentenced within twenty-four hours. There is no appeal or pardon from the judgment of the court. The intentional injury of tools and machinery — such as putting sand in bearings — is punishable by the severest penalties.

PRAVDA, an official Russian Bolshevist paper, uses as a text a cartoon in a French newspaper, representing a workman standing in front of the desk of a public official, who is putting certain formal questions to him. When the government representative asks, 'What is your profession?' the workman replies: 'Striker, like all workmen.' The Bolshevist comment is significant:

> In the unprecedented wave of strikes, which has started in Europe and America, the old, rotten trade organizations and their 'leaders' struggle helplessly. These pitiable pigmies are unable to stop the powerful rush of the waves of proletarian revolution. The strike of millions of English railway men, the grandiose strikes of American longshoremen, of German metal workers, and of Italian workmen of almost every trade have a world-wide historic significance. This strike wave sweeps over all Europe, just such a wave as preceded the proletarian revolution in Russia. It is the same 'strike excitability' which brought terror to the Russian traitor Socialists, the Mensheviki, two years ago.

Ample evidence is at hand to show that the Communists are inciting 'outlaw' or 'runaway' strikes in order to attain a political object. But their success in creating widespread disorders is due primarily to the derangement of prices and wages; and the principal, immediate cause of that derangement is a depreciated currency. This is true in the United States and Japan as well as Europe. The first and most urgent task of those who would buttress up the existing order is to reduce the present inflation and stabilize prices. But there is another element — a moral element — in proletarian unrest abroad, which does not exist to an equal extent in this country. To quote again from a Soviet source — for the Bolsheviki have a master knowledge of proletarian psychology:

> Humanity has not gone mad. The bloody lesson which the Imperialists gave to the workmen of all countries between 1914 and 1919 will not be forgotten. In this senseless imperialistic slaughter millions and millions of people perished But the lesson was not lost for the proletarians of all countries. The workmen will no longer be slaves; the workmen will not leave the power in the hands of the class which led the whole race to slaughter, which converted Europe into a world cemetery, which brought upon all humanity the tortures of hunger and cold.

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In conclusion, indeed, there is hunger. An eye witness of the recent Spartacan revolt at Essen, writing in the *Manchester Guardian*, confirms what the whole world knows at last:

> This revolution is an affair much more of vitamines than of politics. The ration preceding the Kapp incident throughout the region was three pounds of bread a week and some potatoes. Meat was unprocurable. Only children under two years old were supplied with milk. The salary of a worker in the mines was up to 50 marks a day. Skilled workers in the Krupp works received 40 marks a day.
>
> This sum was out of proportion with the cost of foodstuffs. Butter costs 30 marks a pound, bacon 26, and an egg costs two marks. These prices date almost from the days of the armistice. Many workmen and their wives have not had a square meal for years. It is this hunger psychology which is the determining factor in politics here.

SCHOOL-TEACHERS of London, where salaries have not increased to meet the advance of prices, recently presented their grievances to a Committee of the County Council in a very emphatic way. They even proposed to teach 'some of the doctrines of life being taught in other countries' to their pupils if their petition for increased pay was not complied with within a week. Upon an inquiry whether this meant Bolshevism, the reply was yes. One teacher said in testimony: 'The man who sweeps my street doorway gets sixty-seven shillings a week. A man who shot the coals down my shute last week averages over six pounds a week. I, after twenty-seven years of service, receive but five pounds, fifteen shillings; and I had to give that man a shilling for putting in my coals.'

LIVING under a Socialist régime evidently has its complications. A correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian* quotes the following regulations from a copy of the *Red Paper*, the organ of the former Communist Government in Budapest.

> Simplified (*sic*) proceeding for having broken windows replaced.
>
> 1. The tenant shall produce a certificate signed by the elected representative of the mansions he is living in, certifying that a broken window is to be replaced.
>
> 2. This certificate is to be countersigned by the Engineering Bureau of the Workers' Council of the district.
>
> 3. The countersigned certificate must be taken to the district glazier's office, whence an official will be dispatched to take the measures and work out the costs.
>
> 4. The ticket with the measures and costs must be taken to the central glazier's office, and the amount fixed be paid there.
>
> 5. The amount fixed having been paid, the central glazier's office will issue a labor card (*Arbeitskarte*), which must be taken to the district glazier's office.
>
> 6. Upon receipt of the labor card the district glazier's office will dispatch the workmen who will carry out the repairs desired.

The same writer says that since the reactionary, or 'white,' terror began in Hungary four thousand people have been executed and thirty-seven thousand interned or imprisoned. Official hangmen are paid by the piece!

A BILL for the compulsory arbitration of industrial disputes has been submitted to the French Chamber of Deputies by the Ministry of Labor. The main provisions of this project, which has not yet been adopted, make it compulsory for an employer or his representative to receive the complaints submitted by his working people within twenty-four hours of the presentation of a petition asking for a hearing. In other words, it becomes illegal for an employer to refuse to treat with his employees regarding their grievances. Where a conflict arises between workers and their employers, an attempt shall first be made to adjust it through a conciliation committee consisting of one or two representatives from each side. It is

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provided that a judge may appoint members of such a committee in case either party fails to do so. In case a conciliation committee fails to agree, it shall make a report and the case shall be submitted to arbitration. During the arbitration proceedings it is illegal to cease work. Employers and employees who violate the act are to be subject to both fine and imprisonment.

Similar statutes are also proposed in Italy and Spain.

SIXTEEN years ago France broke with the Vatican, recalling its ambassador to the Holy See. Now, following the war and the restoration of Alsace-Lorraine, the French Government proposes to reëstablish these relations. The government's motives for this act are briefly stated as follows:

> The supremacy of lay institutions has been finally established in our Republic and can never again be placed in question. The separation of State and Church has been established in our customs as well as in our laws. The Republic is, therefore, free to take any action which other motives may inspire in regard to its future relations with the Vatican. It considers that the time has now come to renew those traditional ties. France should be represented wherever questions of importance for its welfare are under discussion.
>
> This year, when the treaties of peace that terminate the war are going into effect, is an especially opportune one for resuming such relations. Every modification of the frontiers of Central Europe involves religious problems. This is peculiarly true in zones inhabited by more than one nation, where conflicts of nationality and language are complicated by differences of faith. Many of these controversies have already been laid before the Roman curia and it is natural and proper that France should be represented there to support the demands of our allies and to back up the provisions of the treaty.
>
> The new situation created in Syria, Palestine, Constantinople, and throughout the Near East, makes it necessary that we should be in accord with the Sovereign Pontiff in questions in which we are traditionally concerned, affecting a people whose political institutions are often intermingled with their religious legislation. Even in France, the Peace of Versailles presents problems demanding immediate settlement, such as the application of the ancient Concordat to Alsace-Lorraine, and the fate of the missions in the former German colonies in Africa.

AGRARIAN reform is no longer a mere theory in the politics of South-eastern Europe. Indeed, the social revolution has brought speedier results for the peasants of that region than it has for the industrial proletariat. More than five million acres in the old kingdom of Roumania have already been distributed to landless cultivators. A law has just gone into effect in Greece which provides for the subdivision of the Turkish feudal holdings in the recently acquired territories and their allotment in small parcels to the present tenants. In Jugo-Slavia, the cabinet has recently published an ordnance paving the way for radical land reforms. All large estates are placed under the supervision of the government and in case they are not properly cultivated, they are to be administered directly by the authorities. Men familiar with the sentiment of the peasantry in that country consider that this is only the first step toward the abolition of large holdings.

WE quote the following pessimistic picture from *Vanguardia*, a leading paper of Barcelona:

> We have had neither a government nor a parliament in Spain for the past two years. We are without a budget. Our deficit is enormous and it is growing daily. We are exporting things we require for our use at home while no attention is paid to fixing prices. Assassination has become a business and goes unpunished. One town is without bread, another without light, another without oil, and still another without coal. For months productive labor has ceased, owing to strikes and lockouts. Each man does as he pleases regardless of the laws which usually govern civilized communities. Yet the country continues to exist in the midst of this orgy of anarchy. Its sons, rich and poor, capitalist and laborer, spend more than ever before, and waste their earnings on superfluous luxuries.

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COUNT BERNSTORFF'S MEMOIRS

I

THE memoirs of Count Bernstorff, which have recently been published at Berlin, deal entirely with the period when he was Ambassador at Washington, except for a short introductory discussion of German foreign policy from the days of Bismarck up to the outbreak of the war. Bernstorff succeeded Count Speck von Sternberg as German Ambassador at Washington in the winter of 1908–09. Previously he had been Consul-General at Cairo. The following quotations from the book define the former Ambassador's attitude toward the various theories of foreign policy so vigorously debated in his country during the pre-war period:

To me Germany's future welfare depended upon liberal evolution toward a unitary and parliamentary government. This implied consistent friendship with and *rapprochement* toward England and the United States. I thereby adopted, to use a modern expression, 'the westward viewpoint.' To-day when we stand as mourners at the grave of our national aspirations and ambitions, I am more than ever convinced that a steadfast policy in that direction might have warded off the catastrophe that has befallen us. . . . Had we adopted such a westward orientation, we might have counted upon England's serving in a friendly way as a check on what I might call our explosive economic development. That would have been no disadvantage for us, in my opinion.

The truth is that we were growing too rapidly. We might have developed more solidly and substantially, though perhaps more slowly, as a junior partner of the British Empire. The policy of France and Japan since the beginning of the present century illustrates what I considered wise. We thus might have avoided overheating the boilers of our industrial expansion. We would not have surpassed England so quickly as we did by plunging ahead without restraint, but we would have avoided the deadly peril in which we involved ourselves by incurring the enmity of all our neighbors. . . . I am convinced that England's commercial rivalry, upon which we must count in any case, would not have prevented friendly relations with that country if we had been willing to make common cause with its government against Russia.

The policy of keeping a free hand, which we followed up to the war, staked everything upon complete success. Prince Bülow, the father of this principle, would probably have been able to steer us through the danger zone which it implied without involving us in war. In that case we possibly might have become strong enough in a few years more to have placed that danger zone behind us, and to have reached a point where we were practically immune from military aggression.

Bernstorff uses the term 'danger zone' for the period in Germany's political and economic expansion during which its rivals and enemies would still weigh in the balance whether it were less dangerous to try to crush Germany by force or to permit it to expand peaceably.

These were in substance the opinions of Count Bernstorff upon German policy while he held a post where he was cut off by the enemy from cable and postal communication with his home government. He believed that Germany had passed the climax of its military and political success after the Battle of the Marne, and that it was consequently the first duty of the Imperial Government to conclude an endurable peace based on the *status quo ante*. In this opinion Count Bernstorff was strongly supported by President Wilson, who likewise believed that after the Battle of the Marne it would be impossible to settle the issue of the

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war by force of arms. From this conviction of Bernstorff's followed logically his opinion that Wilson, as the Democratic head of the most powerful neutral country, was the appropriate person to initiate and direct peace negotiations. That belief determined all his subsequent acts and his dispatches to Berlin. He says in this connection:

From the time we began our submarine campaign two roads lay before us. If the men were right who believed we could win a victory by this means, the energy of the nation should have been concentrated on accomplishing that in the least possible time. But if the submarine did not promise us victory, and I did not believe it would, we should at once have relinquished a policy that threatened to create serious friction with other countries; for by bringing down upon us the hostility of the United States it did us far more harm than benefit. With the power of America visible before my eyes, I considered it my first duty to maintain uninterrupted diplomatic relations with that country. I was convinced that we would lose the war if America joined our opponents. Consequently it became increasingly the first maxim of my conduct to prevent this. I used all the influence I could bring to bear upon the Home Government in that effort, assuming that the home authorities had abundant information from other sources by which to check my own reports and advice. In my isolated position at Washington I was compelled to act at times upon my own responsibility, in order to prevent a diplomatic crisis which would have made our cause in that country hopeless.

My policy was not only to secure the inestimable advantage of keeping America out of the war, but also to hold open the only channel through which neutral aid might come to our assistance in securing a negotiated peace. My assumption that Mr. Wilson might have obtained such a peace for us is something that it is no longer possible to prove. I consistently fought for peace, and to-day I believe that was the right policy. It was theoretically conceivable that a submarine warfare, consistently pursued to the limit, might succeed. The worst policy we could possibly have adopted was to zigzag between two courses. We thus permanently alienated America, while encouraging Mr. Wilson by halfway concessions to adopt an unyielding attitude in an effort to increase his own prestige. . . . I might define my policy as a 'secret peace policy.' It was inadvisable to proclaim our eagerness for peace from the housetops. We had to put on a bold front toward the rest of the world, and to make the sources of strength that we still retained count for the utmost in the opinion of our adversaries.

This raises at once the question: What was the policy toward the war which events and conditions dictated to the President of the United States? Count Bernstorff describes this policy as follows:

Washington's foreign policy up to the Five Years' War was almost exclusively Pan-American. Its Alpha and Omega were the Monroe Doctrine. Theodore Roosevelt's favorite foreign enterprise was the Panama Canal, although that versatile executive was prone to interest himself in a wide range of subjects, and succeeded in ending the war between Russia and Japan by the Portsmouth Treaty. In this particular instance domestic policies, which usually control foreign policies in America, played an important part. Mr. Roosevelt wanted to secure the support of the pacifists, who were very powerful in his country. He succeeded in this, but at the same time he alienated the sympathies of the Imperialists, who criticized his intervention because it prevented the two belligerent Powers from weakening themselves by a protracted contest.

Mr. Roosevelt's Secretary of State, John Hay, was likewise active in Oriental matters, and is regarded in America as the founder of the Open Door policy. In this field the German Government usually worked hand in hand with America; and that explains why the Berlin authorities were so anxious to have the United States represented at Algeciras. The German Government thought that the Americans would defend the Open Door in Morocco likewise. This assumption proved false because the United States had too little political and commercial interest in that country.

Continuing his account of the previous relations between the two governments, Count Bernstorff points out that the only two occasions when disputes developed between Germany and the United States before the war, were both due to a misunderstanding on the part of the German authorities. The intervention of the German squadron at Manila during the Spanish-American War was caused by a suggestion of the American Ambassador at Berlin,

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Andrew White, who hinted that the United States would not be loath to see the Philippines occupied by Germany. In 1902 another difficulty with the United States arose when Germany and England blockaded Venezuela; but this was done entirely at British instigation. In speaking of the latter incident, Count Bernstorff says:

When public sentiment in the United States showed itself violently hostile to this measure, and everyone assumed that Germany intended to seize territories in Venezuela, the English press attacked us in the rear, by asserting that the blockade was a German proposal intended to create dissension between England and the United States. The incident was ultimately settled at Mr. Roosevelt's request by American mediation; but it left a general impression among the American people that Germany was prepared to attack the Monroe Doctrine, as soon as it was strong enough to do so.

This impression, which unfortunately was encouraged by tactless Pan-German pronouncements in favor of forming a German colony under Imperial protection in South America, made it much easier for English press propagandists to create an atmosphere of distrust toward Germany in the United States. The Ambassador thus describes this latent hostility:

Outside of official diplomatic intercourse, mutual misunderstandings, unfortunately, characterized the relations of Germany and America. Our people at home were utterly unable to comprehend the peculiar mixture of political shrewdness, commercial sharpness, persistency, and sentiment which characterizes the national mentality of the American people. We invariably underestimated the strength of the United States, and the exuberant boastfulness of the Americans irritated our folks at home because they thought it was only presumptuous bluffing. . . .

On the other hand, the Americans never take the time to study other countries. A knowledge of foreign languages is not common in the United States. The intellectual inheritance of their people is mainly English, because that is the only country whose literature and press are completely open to them. Naturally these conditions were an obstacle in the way of America's understanding Germany prior to the Great War; for the relations between England and our country were constantly growing more critical and were being reflected by the increasing hostility of the English press and British publicist literature. The English language exercised a mastery over the public mind in the United States more despotic than in even England itself. No diplomat in Washington would ever dream of transacting affairs in any other tongue. In London I never heard a French ambassador speak English, not even at table; but Mr. Jusserand invariably used that language in Washington.

Unconsciously most Americans viewed the Germans, long before the war, in the light in which the English press and publicists represented them. Above all, the people of that country honestly believed in the alleged plan of the Germans to establish a world empire.

On our side, the German papers betrayed no adequate interest or comprehension of American affairs. They kept few correspondents in the United States, and those who were there were poorly paid. Consequently, they lacked contact with that nation. About a year before the war a well-known, wealthy German-American, Mr. Hermann Sielcken, offered his help to remedy this, by volunteering to pay the salary of a prominent American journalist of German descent, who was to represent the Wolff Telegraph Bureau at Washington. Thereupon I arranged for such service. But shortly afterward I was notified from Berlin that the telegraph tolls were too high, and the public was not interested sufficiently in the material sent. The Wolff Bureau in this instance was put to no expense except cable costs. This is the way our great country, which aspired to play a part in the world's affairs, managed its news service.

After describing this atmosphere of misunderstanding which prevailed between the two countries, Count Bernstorff discusses the tasks he was called upon to perform in America.

I discussed the situation fully with the powers that be in Wilhelmstrasse, and the quintessence of their instructions was to enlighten the government and people of the United States concerning the real situation in Germany. I was cautioned against taking an aggressive attitude toward England, because it was intended to adopt a plan of harmonious coöperation with that country as soon as possible. Berlin's understanding of the question of war guilt was practically the same as expressed in our Versailles memorandum of May 27, 1919, namely, that Russia was primarily responsible. I was further informed at the Foreign Office that, besides other additions

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to my staff at the Embassy, the former Imperial Minister of the Colonies, Dr. Dernburg, and Mr. Albert, who had been a confidential adviser in the Ministry of the Interior, were to accompany me. The first came as a representative of the German Red Cross; the second as a commissioner of the Central Purchasing Corporation. Dr. Dernburg's main object, however, was to raise a loan in the United States.

When Count Bernstorff arrived at New York, he learned that England had succeeded in creating a very unfavorable attitude toward Germany in the American press through interrupting the German cable service and supplying only news colored in its own favor. It had thus convinced the public that the British version of the origin of the war was the true one. Describing the American press situation at this date, Count Bernstorff says:

It is a matter of common knowledge that public opinion in America with regard to the origin and conduct of the war was completely dominated by England, who had cut our transatlantic cables as soon as war was declared, and controlled all the news service from our side of the water. More than that, our enemies already had virtually in their hands a number of the leading American newspapers, who employed from three to six editions daily to spread in every possible way hostility to Germany. Upon my arrival in New York, and during the weeks immediately ensuing, I made every effort to influence American public opinion by daily interviews with the representatives of the leading newspapers, in which I explained Germany's side of the case. I was soon aware, however, that such efforts were not only practically useless, but imperiled my own position. Constant press controversies threatened to undermine my official status, and to injure my standing with the Washington government to such an extent that I would no longer have been in a position to fulfill my diplomatic duties with success.

Dr. Dernburg's efforts to raise a loan in the United States failed on account of the veto of the Federal Government, and his mission in that country terminated when Mr. Meyer-Gerhard took over the management of the German Red Cross. His return to Germany was prevented, however, by England, which in violation of international law was taking German civilians performing no military functions from neutral ships and interning them.

Since Dr. Dernburg was practically in involuntary internment in New York, he began to write short articles on the World War for the daily papers. He possessed a faculty of explaining the causes of the war in a lucid and attractive manner, and especially of presenting Germany's side in a conciliatory form. Therefore, his labors had immense propaganda success. . . . From this simple beginning was evolved, in conference with the Foreign Office, Dr. Dernburg's press bureau in New York. This afforded a solution of the propaganda question very agreeable to me. Dr. Dernburg as a private citizen was free to write and say many things that would not have been appropriate for me as an official.

Besides the press bureau in New York, there were three other German news bureaus under the direction respectively of Mr. Albert, Captain Von Papen, our Military Attaché, and of Captain Boy-ed, our Naval Attaché.

These three gentlemen received their orders from, and reported to, departments of the home government other than the one I represented. Mr. Von Papen and Mr. Boy-ed seldom informed me of their instructions from Berlin, in order not to embarrass the Embassy by involving it in military and naval questions. The four press bureaus were completely independent of the Embassy in respect to finances, and had their own bank deposits for which they accounted independently to their respective chiefs in Germany. The only exception was that when very large sums were required Mr. Albert was authorized to draw for the purchases of raw materials from a certain account from which I drew for expenses of every character.

Innumerable legends have been spread abroad in America concerning the activity of these four gentlemen. Some of them found their way even to Germany. In spite of all the charges brought against them, and indirectly against me also, I have never heard anything regarding their propaganda — I shall speak later of the so-called 'conspiracies'— which reflects in any way upon the honor or propriety of their conduct. I even venture to say that they might have been able, in the course of time, completely to neutralize the press campaign against Germany, had it not been for the crisis created by the submarine campaign.

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German propaganda in America was soon brought under suspicion by Entente representatives, and Americans in close sympathy with them, as an effort to involve the United States in hostilities with the Allied Powers, or at least to persuade the government to a neutrality policy favorable to German interests. This German propaganda was carefully kept within the limits of the American laws. Count Bernstorff confirms this by the testimony of the representative of the American Department of Justice, Bruce Bielaski, before a Senate committee:

Never was our German propaganda open to attack on the moral side, although our enemies always made this charge against us. The government of the United States was neutral and desired to remain so. German propaganda was directed to the same end. I do not know of a single case of perjury committed by our representatives. What money was spent was devoted entirely to disseminating articles and pamphlets pleading for the neutrality of the United States.

The following extract from these memoirs reveals in a striking way the slight interest which the press bureau of the German Foreign Office displayed in regard to its transatlantic news service before the war:

The assertion of our enemies that German propaganda in the United States had been inaugurated several years before the war, and that in August, 1914, we had already at our service a highly perfected organization with branches spread all over the country, is quite unfounded. Most unfortunately nothing was done in this direction before the war, in spite of my repeated efforts to persuade our home authorities of its necessity. We all know that Germany then had no comprehension of the power of public opinion in democratic countries. . . . In addition, our people entirely underestimated the weight of the United States in international affairs. Up to the time the war broke out nobody in Germany imagined that the American people would ever become a determining factor in a European war. This misconception, unhappily, continued up to 1917. Consequently our authorities seldom expressed any interest in getting in touch and coöperating with the American press, and they never spent any money for that object.

Count Bernstorff expresses the following opinion concerning a belief, very common in Germany, that the English influenced press sentiment in America by buying important newspapers in that country:

I do not think that the English directly bought any important American newspaper, outside of the Providence *Journal*, which was edited by an Australian, Rathom, who was constantly in intimate touch with British representatives and did us incalculable harm by his unscrupulous acts. On the other hand, some newspapers did receive very valuable private news service from England, and from the European continent, upon exceedingly advantageous terms. In addition, editorial writers were also provided without expense to certain newspapers.

Germany's news service was crippled not only by the success of the English in presenting their own version of affairs principally or exclusively to the American public, but also by the form in which the wireless messages to our country arrived. Count Bernstorff expressed his opinion of the support which German propaganda in America received through the news service from Germany itself as follows:

The only way we had of receiving telegraph dispatches from Germany was by two German wireless stations erected shortly before the war at Sayville and Tuckerton. Nevertheless, we soon succeeded in establishing a regular press service from Berlin, though under American censorship. We circulated these dispatches not only throughout the United States, but also to South America and Eastern Asia. However, the capacity of the two stations, in spite of several enlargements and improvements, was quite insufficient for our purposes. Furthermore, the news supplied was totally unsuitable for American consumption. The same criticism applies to most of the German propaganda publications, which appeared sometimes in German and sometimes in far from irreproachable English, and were widely distributed in the United States after the third month following the outbreak of the war. Both these writings and the news service betrayed a complete misunderstanding of the American national temperament.

According to Count Bernstorff, the diplomatic notes which Germany ad-

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dressed to the American Government were quite as tactless as the German news dispatches and propaganda writings. He expresses himself on this point as follows:

After other communication with Germany had practically ceased, such notes were the only means left us for informing the American people of Germany's position. Their effectiveness depended upon the impression which they made upon public opinion, and not upon the impression which they produced on the American Government. In spite of that, they were almost always juristic and precise, but absolutely worthless for influencing public sentiment.

In addition to the German propaganda directed by Dr. Dernburg, a commercial bureau was established under the control of Mr. Albert for the purpose of buying (for Germany) raw materials in the United States and shipping them upon neutral vessels to our country. When Dr. Dernburg failed to raise a great loan in America, Mr. Albert endeavored to finance his purchases by concluding dollar credits. Count Bernstorff discusses this work as follows:

His original orders were to ship large quantities of provisions, chiefly wheat and fats, from New York. The details were handled by the office of the Hamburg-American line in that city. Although he was not provided directly with funds for this work, he might easily have been financed if the government at home had employed the considerable credits of German banks and industrial establishments in America for these purchases. Our suggestion that this be done remained unanswered.

Since the United States Government was unwilling to insist upon its right as a neutral country to uninterrupted commerce with Germany, regardless of the English blockade, Mr. Albert was compelled to disguise his shipments to Germany as American property consigned to neutrals.

The shipper had to be an American or a citizen of a neutral European country. The payments must appear to be made by neutrals. The only ports of destination available were in Holland, Scandinavia, Spain, or for a time, Italy. Consequently, these shipments soon ceased to be made by the New York representatives of the Hamburg-American Line, but directly by Mr. Albert, who merely called in the representatives of the Hamburg-American Line for commercial advice.

In carrying out his commission Mr. Albert at first shipped the wares he purchased by regular liners such as those of the Scandinavian-American Company. Inasmuch, however, as obstacles were speedily placed in the way of this, because such vessels in order to avoid detention at an English port refused to accept goods which might possibly find their ultimate destination in Germany, a separate navigation company was organized operating under the American flag. The management of the company was entrusted to an American firm which was ostensibly an independent enterprise, but actually operated vessels chartered by Mr. Albert. They were consigned as blockade breakers to a neutral port, and either diverted later directly to Germany, or permitted themselves to be seized by German cruisers. Among the examples of such vessels were the Cix, Maumee, Winneconne, Dunsyre, Andrew Welch, and Prince Waldemar.

Bernstorff says that the English maintained an excellently organized spy service in the United States, handled partly through American Detective Bureaus and partly through its own representatives.

The American port authorities were punctilious in enforcing the law, but actually hostile to us. The regulations require the true destination of the ship and lading to be declared. . . . Shortly after the war broke out the Collector of the Port of New York was assigned a 'neutrality squad,' whose business it was to enforce strict neutrality in carrying out the port regulations and shipping laws. Practically, this amounted to aiding the English blockade. Before Mr. Albert eventually succeeded in arriving at an understanding with the customs authorities, a number of favorable opportunities were lost, and shipments had been rendered practically impossible by the increasing strictness of the English blockade.

This agency did not interest itself in facilitating the shipments of American exporters who had previously been engaged in business with Germany. Mr. Albert considered it his business and duty to interfere as little as possible with existing commercial activities, and left it to firms already doing business with Germany to make their deliveries as best they might. That channel for supplying Germany with provisions was

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soon completely blocked. The responsibility for this rests partly upon German importers. They hoped for a long time to get volunteer consignments from American houses. That hope was a vain one. They clung too long to the methods of business they had been accustomed to in times of peace. They called for tenders, haggled over prices, and refused to recognize the fact that the risks which importers had to incur on account of England's proceedings made it necessary to insure such houses against losses or else to pay for goods f.o.b. New York. Consequently, many shipments that would have been possible early in the war were never made.

Another phase of the economic war consisted in prevailing upon business circles in the United States interested in continuing their trade with Germany, to protest to the American Government against the increasingly stringent measures of Great Britain, which were cutting them off completely from the German market.

One department of our economic propaganda was devoted to creating so-called 'issues'; that means, to a systematic effort to make cases out of individual incidents which illustrated the fundamental injustice of English interference, and to bring their practical consequences vividly before the public mind. The most important case of this sort was that of the Wilhelmina. According to the universally accepted rules of international law, provisions were only conditionally subject to blockade. They ought to be permitted to enter Germany if they were exclusively for the use of the civilian population. . . . Mr. Albert, therefore, prevailed upon an American firm to ship provisions solely for German civilians upon an American steamer, the Wilhelmina, which was declared for Hamburg. He prevailed upon the owners and consigners to do this by secretly assuming the total risk of the enterprise. The Wilhelmina was seized by the English and taken into Falmouth upon the pretext that Hamburg was a fortified city, and that the measures enforced by Germany for rationing the civilian population, such as requisitions, central distribution, etc., made it impossible to distinguish between supplying military and civilian consumers. While negotiations were still in progress upon this issue, and seemed likely to result in our favor, England declared a general blockade.

The Ambassador and Mr. Albert also made efforts to prevent the delivery of munitions to the Entente. The former describes the measures taken to influence American public opinion upon this point as follows:

Propaganda to prevent or delay the delivery of war materials to our enemy was based in the beginning upon the doubt as to whether such deliveries were compatible with neutrality. An effort was made, with the support of German-Americans, to emphasize the immorality and the essentially unneutral character of such deliveries, and to bring their extraordinary volume prominently to the attention of the American people. As everyone knows, these efforts which were centred upon getting action from Congress, failed of result. Lack of union and of political capacity on the part of the German-Americans was largely responsible for this failure.

We also took early measures to prevent such deliveries in another way. We quite possibly might have been able to buy the Bethlehem Steel Works in the autumn of 1914, if we had taken timely measures to procure the necessary capital. At that time the Americans did not foresee the immense expansion of the munitions business. By procuring these works we would have struck at the foundations of the whole munitions industry. Such proposals were worked out by us on several occasions. For instance, we drew up a scheme that would have stopped completely the production of shrapnel in the United States. We accomplished a little in that direction, by founding an enterprise of our own called the Bridgeport Projectile Company, which made contracts for large quantities of powder and for all the machinery for making shrapnel that we could lay our hands on.

We were still more successful in getting control of all the superfluous benzol in the market. This benzol was purchased by a company organized specially for this project and re-manufactured in works under German supervision into salicyl preparations. We sold most of this in the American markets, and with the approval of the Minister of War, to neutral countries. This enterprise wound up with a considerable profit for the Imperial Treasury. In a similar way we bought up for a period all the bromine which appeared in the market. It was employed by the enemy for producing heavy gases.

The Imperial Government conceived the plan of helping these defensive measures of the German representatives in the United States, against the unneutral and pro-Entente doings of

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the majority of the business men of that country, by prohibiting exports to the United States. Count Bernstorff comments thus upon the effect of this regulation:

Another economic measure which occupied my attention related to the export of German dyes to America. Berlin took the position that such dyes should be prevented from reaching the United States, in order to bring pressure to bear upon its manufacturers to abolish the English blockade. The same attitude was taken in regard to other goods imported by America, such as potash, sugar beet seed, and the like. It was not until the spring of 1916 that this policy was reversed as a result of my own representations.

I am of the opinion that our embargo upon the shipment of these wares to America was a great error. It had no effect toward accomplishing its political object of bringing pressure to bear on England to lift the blockade. The American manufacturers procured dyes from other sources, particularly China, where they bought up everything in the market. They also purchased natural dyes and substitutes. But first and foremost, they built up a dye manufacturing industry of their own.

The result of the embargo was merely — apart from arousing useless political hostility and playing into the hands of England — to deprive us of important German credits in the United States and to encourage the Americans to become independent of us for these articles.

[*Die Kommunistische Internationale* (Bolshevist Propaganda Periodical), *German Edition, May 1*]

THE THIRD INTERNATIONAL: ITS PLACE IN HISTORY

BY N. LENIN

THE Imperialists of the Entente countries are blockading Russia and trying to isolate the Soviet republic, on the theory that it is a centre of infection for the capitalist world. These people, who vaunt the democracy of their institutions, are so blinded by their hatred of the Soviet republic that they fail to observe how ridiculous they make themselves. Just pause and think! Although armed to the teeth, and holding the whole earth in military subjugation, they fear the infection of an idea as if it were fire likely to spread from a ruined, starving, backward, and — to judge from their statements — a half-barbarous country, and consume them. Surely this contradiction alone is enough to open the eyes of the working people of every land, and to strip the mask from the hypocrisy of the great Imperialists — Clemenceau, Lloyd George, Wilson, and their governments.

But both this blind hatred of the capitalists for the Soviets, and also the friction among themselves, which causes them to waste their energy in mutual hostility, are boons to us. Our enemies have sworn to a conspiracy of silence, because they fear more than anything else the spread of true reports concerning the Soviet republic. Above all, they fear our official documents. It was a very exceptional incident when the chief press organ of the French bourgeoisie, *Le Temps*, published a report of the organization of the Third Communist International in Moscow.

Since *Le Temps* credits its information to our wireless, the motives which inspire this representative of money-

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bags are evident. It desired to stick a needle into Wilson, and to call his attention to the kind of people with whom he was ready to negotiate. The wise men who write at the dictation of money-bags fail to note that when they try to frighten Wilson with the Bolshevist spectre they are also advertising Bolshevism to the working people. So, I wish to say that we are very grateful to the press organ of the French millionaires.

The organization of the Third International is proceeding under conditions that make the prohibitions and the miserable, petty manœuvres of Entente Imperialists, and of such lackeys of capitalism as the Scheidemanns in Germany and the Renners in Austria, futile measures for preventing the spread of news concerning this International, or for cooling the sympathy which working classes cherish for it throughout the world. These facts in our favor are due to the growing power of the proletarian revolution, which waxes stronger not only with every day but with every hour. This propitious condition is also assisted by the Soviet movement among the workers, which has already gained such strength as to make it in truth an international agitation.

The First International, which existed from 1864 to 1872, laid the foundation of an international organization of the workers which did the pioneer work of preparing for a revolutionary overthrow of capital.

The Second International lasted from 1889 to 1914, and represented an international proletarian movement that was extensive rather than intensive. It went so far in this direction as to make concessions and temporary compromises which ultimately led to its disgraceful failure.

The Third International was actually started in 1918, when the long struggle with opportunism and social Chauvinism, which had reached their apogee during the war, caused Communist parties to be formed in several countries. But its formal origin dates from its first Congress, at Moscow, in March, 1919. The characteristic feature of the Third International, which is its mission to complete and to incorporate in action the ideals we inherit from Karl Marx, and to realize in practice the eternal aims of Socialism and the labor movement, made themselves at once manifest in the fact that this new Third International Union of the working class immediately began to fortify itself under the protection of Socialist Soviet republics.

The First International laid the foundation for the struggle of the proletariat of the world to realize Socialism.

The Second International spent its allotted years with far-spread propaganda among the workingmen of many lands.

The Third International inherits the attainments of the Second, but clears away its overgrowth of opportunist, social chauvinist, bourgeois and petty-bourgeois ideas and policies, and begins actually to put into effect the dictatorship of the proletariat.

The international alliance of radical parties which now directs the most revolutionary movement in the history of the world—the struggle of the proletariat to break the yoke of capitalism—rests on a new foundation, such as it never enjoyed before. That foundation is a group of Soviet republics which stand as an international expression of the dictatorship of the proletariat and mark an accomplished victory over the capitalist system.

From the standpoint of universal history, the importance of the Third Communist International consists in its having actually set about putting the great theory of Marx into prac-

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tice. His answer to the social problem, based upon a study of centuries of development of Socialism and labor agitation, sums itself up in a dictatorship of a proletariat.

This inspired prophecy, this inspired theory, has become an actuality.

Those two Latin words 'dictatorship' and 'proletariat,' are now familiar terms in every language of contemporary Europe, and indeed in every cultivated speech of the world.

A new epoch has begun in universal history.

Mankind is casting aside the last form of slavery — capitalist or wage slavery.

In freeing itself from this slavery, humanity is emerging for the first time in its history into the light of true freedom.

How does it happen that the first country which has put a dictatorship of the proletariat into effect, and organized a Soviet republic, is one of the most backward lands of Europe? We shall not err widely if we say that precisely this contrast between the backwardness of Russia and its sudden leap to the highest form of democracy — clearing at a bound bourgeoisie democracy and landing in a Soviet or proletarian republic — that precisely that contrast or contradiction was one of the reasons that made it difficult and slow for the Western countries to understand the rôle of the Soviets.

The working classes of all countries instinctively perceive the importance of the Soviets as a weapon of the proletariat, and as the machinery of a proletarian state. But those of their leaders who have been corrupted by opportunism continue to pay homage to bourgeois democracy, which they call 'democracy without qualification.'

Is it strange, then, that the attainment of a dictatorship of the proletariat should at first glance throw into emphasis the contrast between the backwardness of Russia and its passing at a bound over and beyond the bourgeois democratic era? It would be remarkable indeed if history had given us a radically new form of democratic government without accompanying it by many contradictions and contrasts.

Any disciple of Marx — indeed any man familiar with contemporary Socialism — when faced by the question whether the transition of the various capitalistic states into a dictatorship of the proletariat is likely to follow identical lines and to be harmonious and consistent in each different government, will doubtless answer in the negative. In the world as formed by capitalism there is nowhere equality or harmony or proportion. Such things cannot exist in that kind of a world. Every country has its peculiar relief — its individual social topography. It has developed in varying degrees one aspect or another aspect of capitalism and labor organization. Each land varies from its neighbors in its degree of progress.

More than a century ago, when France experienced its great bourgeois revolution, and awakened practically the whole European continent to a new life, England headed the counter-revolutionary group, although from the capitalist standpoint it was more highly developed than France. The English Labor Movement of that period anticipated many of the teachings of Marx.

When England presented to the world the first real popular movement of the masses, that proletarian revolutionary demand for extensive political rights called Chartism, mild bourgeois revolutions followed in several continental countries. But the first real civil war between the proletariat and the bourgeoisie occurred in France. The capitalist classes always defeated

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these isolated proletarian uprisings, employing a different strategy in different countries.

England is a typical example of a land where, as Engels says, the bourgeoisie has allied itself with an aristocracy of labor drawn from the higher ranks of the proletariat. This most highly evolved capitalist country is consequently several decades behind some of its neighbors in the proletarian revolution. France crushed for the time being the vigor of proletarian revolt during the two heroic revolutions which the working classes unsuccessfully attempted in 1848 and 1871. None the less, these revolutions were important milestones in history. During the late 70's, Germany, while far behind England and France in economic development, nevertheless assumed the leadership of the international labor movement. When that country overtook its commercial and industrial rivals, shortly before the World War, its splendidly organized labor party had fallen under the control of a little group of arch-scoundrels, the most despicable traitors of history, who had sold themselves to capitalism. Scheidemann, Noske, David, Legien, and their followers will go down to history as the most hateful persecutors of the labor classes that have ever done service to monarchy and reaction.

Social evolution proceeds unceasingly and irresistibly toward a dictatorship of the proletariat, but not always at a uniform rate, nor by the straightest path.

When Karl Kautsky was still a disciple of Marx, and before he became a renegade to the faith and a champion of Scheidemann and of bourgeois democracy against the Soviets and the proletariat, he wrote some twenty years ago an article entitled, 'Slaves of the Revolution.' In this article he analyzed the historical conditions that would render possible transferring the control of the international revolutionary movement to 'the slaves.'

That has now occurred. Temporarily — and, of course, very briefly indeed — the leadership of the revolutionary proletarian international has fallen to the Russians, just as it rested for short periods in the previous century in the hands of the English, then of the French, and later of the Germans.

I have already repeated on many occasions that it has been easier for the Russians than for the people of more advanced countries to start a proletarian revolution; but that it will be more difficult for them to carry it through to a complete reorganization of society along purely Socialist lines.

It was easier for us to start the ball rolling in Russia, because the political backwardness of the Tsar's despotic government placed it out of harmony with twentieth-century Europe, and aroused universal protest and revolt among the people. In the second place, the backwardness of Russia caused the proletarian revolution against the bourgeoisie to be combined with a peasant revolution against the land holders. It was with the latter movement that we started out in October, 1917, and we might not have won so easily had we taken a different path. As early as 1856 Karl Marx, in speaking of Prussia, mentioned the possibility of combining a proletarian and a peasant insurrection in that kingdom; and since early in 1905 the Russian Bolsheviki had advocated a revolutionary democratic dictatorship of the proletarians and the peasants. In the third place, Russia was a favorable starting point because the revolution of 1905 had been a remarkably effective political school for our common laborers and peasants. At the same time, it made their leaders familiar

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with the latest developments of Western Socialism, and expert in revolutionary tactics among the masses. If it had not been for the experience gained in these grand general manœuvres of 1905, both the bourgeois February revolution of 1917, and the proletarian October revolution of the same year, might have failed.

Still a fourth reason helps to explain why the present movement has its home in Russia. That country's geographical position enables it to defend itself easier and for a longer period than any other country against the military invasions and economic aggressions of more highly developed capitalist governments. In the fifth place, the peculiarly close relationship of the proletariat with the peasantry in Russia made it easy to convert a bourgeois revolution into a Socialist revolution, by assisting the urban proletariat to get into direct touch with the half-proletarian poorer classes in the country. In the sixth place, and last of all, long practice in labor agitation abroad and experience derived from propaganda among the working classes in Western Europe, made it possible when the sudden crisis actually arose in Russia, to bring into being at a stroke that perfect instrument of revolutionary organization — the Soviet.

Naturally, this analysis is not exhaustive, but it is sufficient for our present purposes.

So Soviet or proletarian democracy has its birthplace in Russia. It represents another stage in evolution, following upon the Paris Commune. The Proletarian Peasant Soviet Republic has proved to be the first Socialist government in the world's history capable of maintaining itself. It is a new type of state destined not to disappear.

In order to complete the work of Socialist reconstruction, much remains to be done. Soviet republics in countries with a higher civilization, where the true proletariat is more numerous and influential than in Russia, have every prospect of speedily overtaking the latter country when they have once started on the road toward proletarian dictatorship.

The insolvent Second International is already dead. So far as its spectre still stalks abroad, it is as a handmaid of the international bourgeoisie. It is a yellow international. Its more important intellectual leaders, like Kautsky, glorify bourgeois democracy, which they call 'real' democracy, or still more stupidly, 'pure' democracy.

Bourgeois democracy has had its day, just as the Second International has had its day, having performed a necessary historical service and served as an intermediate stage in the preparation of the laboring classes for their ultimate victory.

Even the most democratic bourgeois republics from their very nature never have been, and never can be in the future, anything else than machines for oppressing the workers through capitalism,— political instruments of capital,— dictatorships of the middle classes. Democratic bourgeois republics proclaim the authority of majorities; but they are impotent to give majorities real power, so long as private property and private ownership of the means of production continue.

The liberty of the bourgeois democratic republics was, in fact, the liberty of the rich. The proletariat and the laboring peasantry were enabled and compelled under its régime to rally their forces for the overthrow of capital, to supplant bourgeois democracy, and to assure themselves that real democracy which labor never can enjoy under the rule of capital.

For the first time in the history of

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the world, a Soviet or proletarian democracy has created a democracy of the masses of the working people, of the laborers and the small peasantry.

Never before in history has there been a government truly representing the majority of the people, and rendering effective the actual power of this majority, except the Soviet.

Nothing indicates more clearly the intellectual bankruptcy of the leaders of the Second International, of men like Helferding and Kautsky, than their inability to comprehend the true significance of Soviet or proletarian democracy, its relation to the Paris Commune, its place in history, and its necessity as the form which a dictatorship of the proletariat must inevitably assume.

In a recent issue of *Die Freiheit*, the organ of the Independent Socialists of Germany, an address is published 'To the Revolutionary Proletariat of Germany.' It is signed by the party executive, and by all the members of its delegation in the National Assembly. It charges Scheidemann and his crew with trying to abolish the Soviets or Workers' Councils, and proposes — joking aside! — to amalgamate the German Soviets with the National Assembly, and to give them certain political functions — a certain status in the Constitution.

To reconcile a dictatorship of the bourgeoisie with a dictatorship of the proletariat! What a naïve idea! What a stroke of Philistine genius! We have already suffered from the fact that during Kerensky's régime the coalition of Mensheviki and Social Revolutionaries — who were really a group of petty-bourgeois democrats imagining themselves Socialists — tried that very experiment. Any reader of Marx who fails to understand that so long as capitalist society exists every serious conflict between the classes will eventuate either in an exclusive dictatorship of the bourgeoisie or an exclusive dictatorship of the proletariat, shows his incapacity to understand either the economic or the political reasoning of our great leader.

[*Pester Lloyd* (German-Hungarian Daily), *March 7*]

EUROPEAN CONGO: A CHAPTER FROM THE FATALIST ROMANCE OF EUROPE

BY ILLES POLLAK

'GENTLEMEN,' said the President, 'I have the pleasure of introducing Mr. McFormic, who will read his report. Kindly give it careful attention.'

It was in a salon in the marble palace of a great Fifth Avenue millionaire in New York, where a small company of seven gentlemen were assembled. They were the rulers of America, and soon to be the rulers of the world. Mr. McFormic, whom the President presented, was still a young man in the early thirties. He had strong features and a determined chin. His slim waist and broad hips and shoulders gave him an ant-like appearance that accorded curiously with his name. The gentlemen present

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settled themselves comfortably in their cushions, and McFormic, with a slight bow, began:

'Gentlemen, the moment has come to make America the mistress of the world. Although but a short time ago people thought that capitalism had played its rôle,— and, indeed, that fancy took complete possession of men during the last World War,— it is none the less becoming clearer every day that the capitalist system is still only at the threshold of its ultimate conquests. It is a law of development known to every student of world economics that an institution does not decline until after it has reached its highest form of development, and a succeeding institution has arisen to take over its inheritance. The fact that all claimants for capital's inheritance that have hitherto appeared reveal themselves incapable of administering it, is of itself sufficient proof that our system has not yet reached its ultimate development. But we need hardly go that far; for the war, and what has followed the war, prove that capitalism is sure to rule the coming age.

'Let me first of all dispose of its competitors. Socialism claimed for a moment to be the heir of capitalism. However, both before and during the Great War it proved itself to be but a paper currency without a gold backing — a philosophy of happiness which in its ultimate analysis was based upon capitalism — for without money Socialism could not go forward, and without the guidance and aid of the trained brains which run capitalist machinery, its own machinery collapsed. We have now learned that Socialism without capitalism — to use Marx's words, "without stored-up labor"— is a machine without matter, a transcendental doctrine without substance. It survives only so long as it can get capital by robbery and murder. We now have in the Lenin experiment an object lesson which has detoured the economic theories of the masses from Marxism, through Bolshevism, back to capitalism, and, indeed, to capitalism in its highest terms. The main fact that Lenin has already had to drop his theory of the superiority of physical labor and call to his support the brains of the bourgeoisie, and the further fact that he was soon compelled to concede the right of private property to millions of peasants, and the final fact that since his followers would not work he had to substitute a twelve-hour for a six-hour day, all combine to prove to the world the failure of the Bolshevist doctrine, if not of Bolshevism itself. The reasons for this failure lie in the very character of capital.

'If capital is precipitated labor, capital in solution must again become labor; and since the latter is not a final product, but more or less a means to an end, it inevitably returns to capital. This larger circle of economic action embraces smaller circles. Air can be compressed into a liquid, and this liquid may again become a gas. Heat is converted into motion, and motion into heat. These are closed circles in the reaction of force and matter. But heat can never become matter, and one form of matter never becomes another form of matter. Labor necessarily converts itself into capital, and capital into labor. When you abolish capital, labor ceases. We have seen this immutable law of nature demonstrated in our recent history, and we must draw the inevitable conclusions that follow.

'Consequently, capitalism, instead of being abolished, has received its final theoretical demonstration. It has been proved with convincing force that mankind will starve unless capital

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is converted into labor. Great capital may be destroyed, but petty capital survives and supports petty labor. Peasants continue to cultivate their little holdings. Artisans make a few things for neighborhood consumption. But in view of the complex interrelation and division of labor in the modern world, for mankind to be reduced to these petty activities spells the ruin of great cities and of organized society in general. For modern society is based upon the categorical imperative of the labor of all for the benefit of all, of the exchange of labor among all, consequently, of labor to satisfy the wants of others. Since the moving force of labor is capital, the instrument which keeps organized society in existence is money. A Bolshevist government proved unable to supersede this law of nature. It could not produce labor without capital. If it desired labor, it had to supply capital. We have had the satisfaction of seeing Socialism itself rehabilitating the capitalist system, and we thank it for a new era, a new and unanticipated renaissance of great capitalism to which, through their impoverishment and misery the people of Europe, though blinded for a time by the glare of Socialism, have finally groped and staggered.

'I now come to my real theme. Leninism has obliterated every trace of capital in the territories of Russia. Every machine, implement, tool, and factory, every bank, and every other object or institution that nourishes and sustains labor has been wiped out. In order to make Russia again self-supporting it must be given new capital to replace that which has been destroyed. Over and above that, the workers of Russia must be reorganized and redistributed, for in addition to sustaining labor, capital economizes it also. Therefore, the more capital, the less toil; for machines perform the heavy tasks. Russia has not men enough left to do the work of the machinery which has been destroyed. And even Central Europe — the vanquished countries — is now bereft of its labor force. The war has destroyed not only its man power, but also its fixed and fluid capital. Without these, production ceases. The war has also revolutionized the conditions of exchange among trading countries, partly because production has ceased for the reasons above mentioned, but still more largely because such remnants of capital as still survive in Central Europe have lost their efficiency. This illustrates the saying: "Wealth does not make happiness, but its possession." A person must not only have money, but the money must have value.'

The seven listeners nodded their heads approvingly. It was the first sign of life that these kings of the world had exhibited. One even said, 'Ah!' whereupon the others looked up in surprise at their loquacious colleague. McFormic paused a moment before resuming.

'The continued depreciation of money has terminated by paralyzing the sources of employment, and the Central Powers are plunging headlong toward complete ruin and starvation quite irrespective of Bolshevism. It makes no difference whatever who destroys capital — whether it be Lenin or the war or a bankrupt currency system. The final result is the same in each case. Here, gentlemen, is where America comes in. Hundreds of millions of men must not starve. The dictates of humanity . . .'

'All right,' said several of the gentlemen, 'all right.' McFormic smiled until a dimple appeared in his powerful chin. It was the smile of a *formica bellicosa*.

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'More than this. It is a command of business common sense,' he continued, 'for Europe to work; and above all it is a gesture of destiny beckoning to America and bidding us — bidding you, my gentlemen — to take over the control of the world. It is a dynamic law, impelling our overgrown capital in America to convert itself into labor. Gentlemen, you must now proceed to the financial occupation of Europe. You stand at the throttle, and the fearful tension of your capital now confined at high pressure must be released.'

'And the methods, if you please?' rumbled a heavy voice from the depths of a dreadnought sofa.

'The methods? Well, the methods are these. In order to get men to work in the territories affected, they must be provided with food, materials, and machinery. We might advance them money directly, but I would disadvise that, for money might be misused to engage in foreign trade and banking, which would interfere with our purpose. These territories must be divided into several exploitation units, in each of which a producing and manufacturing centre appropriate to the natural products of its tributary area should be established. Raw materials and labor will be purchased by our agents and paid for in merchandise and provisions. Where raw materials are lacking, the governments we are to establish will import them. If food is lacking, the same governments will provide that. We can thus organize a world of industrial producers such as never before existed — a human ant heap such as unguided nature may previously have attempted to create, but without success. We take up that task where nature dropped it. These nations will indeed have to work diligently and systematically, but they will be guaranteed against want. Indeed, they will be happy and contented. They will not need to engage in trade, for we will relieve them of that task. They will not need to cultivate the arts and sciences, for we shall provide them with as many American films as they need. All care for the education and future of their children will be lifted from their shoulders, for these young people will be systematically taught in local trade and agricultural schools as much as is necessary to make them efficient producers. Even the invalids will look forward to a certain and comfortable future. Yes indeed, people will not even need to concern themselves with politics, for we shall provide governments which will render such activities unnecessary.

'Our central office in New York will have general supervision over the entire enterprise. Here will centre all the wires that control production and consumption according to a system which will guarantee the greatest possible economy. In order to secure such maximum economy we shall standardize labor, recreation, food, housing, and clothing. Walter Rathenau long ago pointed out the economic waste caused by the capricious variety of houses, clothes, and furniture. In the European Congo — in the territories controlled by our business combination — there will be one type of clothing, and one type of rations for 400,000,000 people. They will use one type of standardized furniture. In New York our general manager, sitting at his desk, will direct whether 400,000,000 people shall have beans on Tuesday, and potato soup on Wednesday, or any other variation in the menu that the status of world food production demands. And this great white Congo will be working for you, gentlemen. Your hearts will expand with the consciousness that you have

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saved 400,000,000 people from starvation, and that you have raised the Stars and Stripes to the gable-top of Europe.'

'How do you start?' rumbled a muffled voice.

'How do you start? I am coming to that. On the day when exchange upon Central Europe reaches zero America will own that section of the world; for then we only can rescue it. Two ways will lie before us to accomplish this. One will be a money credit, the other a commodity credit. A good business man faced by two possibilities always chooses a third — economic organization and administration. Our offer cannot be refused, for otherwise 400,000,000 people will starve. Moreover, we have a way to exert pressure. We can declare an exchange blockade which will stop abruptly all imports into Europe. And then there are the border states which lie like a live wire around these territories. The vanquished countries are enclosed in a barbed-wire zone of hatred and hostility, from which there is no escape but to throw themselves on our mercy. We have learned from England how to rescue a continent, but we are not interested in territorial conquests. Our methods of occupation are exclusively economic, although on a scale unexampled in the history of the world, and with a directness and system which . . .'

'Slavery!' whispered a light voice.

'Slavery?' said McFormic calmly. 'Call it that if you like the word. But I am telling you that Europe will be either Bolshevist or ultra-capitalist. Either system means equally industrial subjugation and forced labor. The only distinction is that we do not bring these people assassination and bloodshed, but work and a peaceful existence. The history of the world has reached a turning point where its economic organization must adopt a new form. Europe has destroyed itself. It has wasted its whole capital, a thousand years of precipitated labor, and is now a beggar. Unless absolute anarchy and ruin are to ensue, it must accept the tutelage and control of a race capable of restoring it. Mere business sense bids us not to do this without some compensation. The current of history has carried us beyond the former methods of capitalization, and America is now in the vanguard. In the struggle between Socialism and capitalism, the former will invariably go under, because it sees only the labor side of economic evolution without inquiring from what labor springs. Since the real object of either Socialism or capitalism is the same — peace and food, which we call happiness — capitalism will be the victor. The situation suggests the law of the tension and diffusion of gases. For by the destruction of capital or labor in one region of the earth, a violent inflow from the area of highest pressure outside that region is sure to follow, and we shall see supercapitalism following on the heels of the present all-labor vacuity. Whether you desire it or not, you are being forced by destiny to become the economic masters of Europe, for your capital irresistibly presses toward that vacuum.'

'A ———ah, all Europe.'

McFormic's black eyes glittered with a fierce predatory light.

'One after another the European countries are swept into the vortex. The English pound sterling is now 30 per cent and the French franc 60 per cent below par, The European victors are expiring on their trophies, and the very paroxysm of victory snaps their thread of life. The exchange blockade winds its creeping tentacles about them, and at the psychological mo-

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ment will draw them under. It is merely a question of time and of American policy, which has followed an independent course for a year already, until the victors are finally enmeshed in the same toils as the vanquished. America, forever, gentlemen!'

Silence fell upon this throne room of the coming masters of the world. Everyone felt the historic significance of the moment. Already the herald notes announcing the coming great era of their supremacy were audible. The seven gentlemen rose and signed their names to a white sheet of paper. Europe's fate was sealed.

[*Novaya Zhizn* (Bolshevist Daily)

WOMAN AND BOLSHEVISM

BY MAXIM GORKY

Among the dozens of letters which I receive daily from different parts of Russia, the most interesting are those which are written by the women. Filled with impressions of the stormy realities of our days, these letters are saturated with sorrow, wrath, indignation; but the feeling of helplessness and apathy is met with more seldom than in the letters from men. Each letter from a woman is a cry of a living soul tortured by the manifold pains of our dreadful day.

After reading these letters, I feel within my heart that they are all written, as it were, by one woman, the mother of life, from whom all tribes and all nations have come into the world — by her who had helped man to transform the crude zoölogical desire of an animal into the gentle and lofty ecstasy of love. These letters are a cry of anger from the being who had called into life all poetry, who has served and is still serving as the inspirer of all art, and who ever suffers with the eternal and unquenchable thirst for beauty, love, and joy.

This woman, in my understanding, is first of all a mother, even if physically she is still a virgin. She is a mother not only in her feeling toward her children, but also toward her husband, her lover, and toward man in general, toward him who had come to this world from her and through her. As the being who constantly replaces the loss of life inflicted by death and destruction, woman must feel more deeply and more acutely than I, a man, hatred and disgust for all which increases death and destruction. Such is my view of the psycho-physiological nature of woman.

'Idealism,' they may say to me.

Possibly. But if this be idealism, it belongs to those beliefs which arise spontaneously and inevitably within me, and are apparently part of my very soul. In any event, it was not yesterday that I conceived these opinions. They have been with me from my youth. Even if they had come to me but yesterday, that would not trouble me in the least; for I consider that social idealism is more necessary than ever, precisely during a revolutionary epoch. When I speak of idealism, I

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mean, of course, that healthy, ennobling feeling without which the revolution would have lost its potency to make a man more socially conscious than he was before the revolution, without which the revolution itself would have lost its moral and æsthetic justification. Without this idealism, the revolution and the whole of our life would become a dry arithmetical problem of the distribution of material wealth, a problem, the solution of which requires blind cruelty, torrents of blood, and which, bringing to the surface his animal instincts, kills the social spirit of man — as we see before our eyes in these very days.

The letters about which I speak are full of sobbing of the mother for the death of man. They are filled with lamentations because cruelty is increasing among men, because men are becoming more savage, dishonorable, and more ignoble in their social practices. These letters are full of curses against the Bolsheviki, against the peasants, against the workmen. The women who write these letters call for tortures and horrors to fall on the heads of all.

'Let them all be hanged, shot, destroyed'— this is what the woman in these letters demands, she, the mother and the nurse of heroes and saints, of geniuses and criminals, of rascals and honest men; the mother of Jesus and of Judas; of gentle and saintly Francis of Assisi, and of the sombre enemy of joy, Savonarola; the mother of King Philip II, who laughed joyfully only once in his life, when he had received the news of the massacre of St. Bartholomew — that greatest of the crimes of Catherine de Medici, who was herself born of a woman and a mother, and in her way sincere in her care for other people.

Rejecting cruelty, organically hating death and destruction, woman, the mother, the inspirer of the best feeling of man, the object of his adoration, the source of life and poetry, cries to-day:

'Let them all be hanged, shot, destroyed.'

There is some appalling and sombre inconsistency here, capable of destroying the very oreole with which history has surrounded woman. Possibly the basis of it lies in the fact that the woman does not realize her great rôle in the civilization of the world; that she does not feel her creative powers, and succumbs to the despair brought forth in the soul of the mother by the chaos of these revolutionary days.

I shall not attempt to examine this question, but I shall permit myself to say merely the following:

You, women, know perfectly well that birth is always accompanied with suffering; that the new man is always born in blood. Such is the bitter irony of blind nature. You cry with the piercing cry of an animal at the moment you give birth, and then you smile with the happy and beatific smile of the Virgin when you press your new-born child to your breast.

I cannot reproach you for your animal cry. I can understand the pains and the sufferings which call forth this cry of unbearable pain, for I, myself, almost die of this pain though I am not a woman.

And with all my heart, with all my soul, I wish that you would soon begin to smile with the holy smile of the Virgin pressing to your bosom the new-born man of Russia.

The Bolsheviki? But they are also men, men like us all, born of woman, each with just as much of the animal in him as everyone of us.

All their actions are subject to the cruelest criticism, even to jeering and mockery. This is the reward of the Bolsheviki, perhaps, in even larger quantity than they deserve. They are

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surrounded by an atmosphere of hatred on the part of their enemies, and, what is even worse, by the hypocritical friendship of those who make their way to power like foxes, use that power like wolves, and will, let us hope, die like dogs.

Do I defend the Bolsheviki? Oh, no! As far as I am able, I fight against them. But I defend men, the sincerity of whose convictions I know, as well as their personal honesty and their indisputable desire to do good to the people. I know that they are performing the cruelest of scientific experiments upon the living body of Russia. I can hate, but I prefer to be just.

Yes, of course, they have made many costly and horrible mistakes. But God, too, has made a mistake in creating us all less wise than we ought to be. And nature, too, has made mistakes from the point of view of our desires, which are contrary to her aims or to her aimlessness. But, if you wish, something good can be said even about the Bolsheviki.

The people has found its spirit. New powers are maturing in it, for which no madness of political innovators can be of danger, no matter how fantastical these innovations are, nor the greed of foreign robbers who are too sure of their invincibility.

Russia will not perish if you, mothers, will, as a deed of sacrifice, pour into the bloody and filthy chaos of our days all that is beautiful and all that is gentle in your souls. You, mothers, should remember how much your love brings into our life. This thought alone will save you from the painful oppression of hatred, which kills in you the greatest of feelings, the feelings of a mother.

Have you attempted to soften the cruelty of the bitter struggle? Have you attempted to reform human habits, to make more noble the relations which now cause your just indignation? You are swept away by fruitless hatred of the adult generation; but would it not be more worthy to preserve the youth and the children from the corrupting influences of our days? You spend all your feeling and all your attention in gathering facts which condemn man and create disgust for him. But would it not be better to try by the power of your inspiration to arouse emotions and ideals which would elevate man in his own opinion as well as yours?

Physically the mothers of mankind, you can also be its spiritual mothers, for if you condemn, it means that you stand on a height from which you can see more than others can. Lift others to the same height as yourselves!

Russia is living now through the agony of birth-throes. Do you wish to hasten the time when something new, beautiful, kind, and human will be born? Then let me assure you, mothers, that hatred and wrath are not the most successful midwives.

La Stampa (Pacifist Liberal Daily), *March 18*]

ANTI-SEMITISM IN GERMANY

BY G. CABASINO-RENDA

BERLIN, *March.*

THE atrocious sufferings of the past four years have produced two diametrically opposite sentiments in the Germans. On one hand, we discover a revival of broad human sympathy, a sincere desire for reconciliation with the country's enemies, a longing toward Internationalism. Such a sentiment inspires the ideal side of the Spartacan movement. On the other hand, we are aware of an impulse for the nation to retire within itself, to purify and revigorate itself at the fountain head of Germanism. This

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sentiment makes the people here detest foreigners and particularly the Jews, who represent the nearest and most intrusive foreign element.

Beyond doubt, the second of these sentiments is the more powerful. That is natural, because anti-Semitism was a strong force in Germany even before the war, and after a period of abeyance during hostilities it revived with renewed vigor when Germany suffered defeat. This sentiment has rapidly gained strength, in spite of the admiration inspired by the patriotism of the Hebrews, by the sacrifice they made of money and of blood — notwithstanding the fact that the *Hymn of Hate* against England, composed by the Jewish poet, Lissauer, seemed like the voice of Germany itself.

Now things have reached a point where the Jew is looked upon as a 'world tyrant,' as the antithesis of the Germanic type. People fancy they have discovered that the war was a Jewish war, and the revolution a Jewish revolution, and the peace a Jewish peace, and that the republic is a Jewish republic. The Jews are charged with being the master plotters of the world's catastrophe. They are supposed to have amassed great profits from the war; and a report is current that they owned 38 per cent of the national wealth when hostilities began, and 60 per cent of it when peace was signed. Such figures are mere guesses or assertions. Anti-Semite propaganda ignores detailed statistics.

The Jews are accused of slacking. Jewish physicians, who constitute a majority of the profession, are said to have given their co-religionists certificates exempting them from service at the front. But this race crowded the requisition committees, as was natural on account of their mercantile training and ability. In this capacity, they are said to have concealed great quantities of provisions, depriving the Germans of them for the benefit of their own people, and thus to have contributed to the fearful ravages which under-nourishment has made in the Germanic race.

Rathenau and Ballin, two men of Hebrew ancestry — for the campaign is equally violent against baptized and unbaptized Jews — were at the head of the official economic organizations of the Empire during the war, while three Hebrew bankers, Guttmann, Bleichroeder, and Mendelssohn, controlled the Empire's finances.

More than three fourths of the German newspapers are owned by people of this race. They control, especially, those of the widest circulation. Two Hebrew firms, Mosse and Ullstein, practically dominate the field of journalism. Their papers encouraged the country to enter the war, and later supported the government of the revolution. Another prominent Jewish writer is Maximilian Harden, who is said also to go under the name of Isidor Wittkovski, and who is a prototype of the same kind of journalism, being a convert from Pan-Germanism to Pro-Ententism. However, their assailants forget that during the war these Hebrew journals were controlled by the government, and belonged to the truest-blue official organs.

The real point and purpose of this anti-Semite offensive, however, is revealed in its charge that the Socialist party, which undermined the morale of the nation and brought about its military defeat, is a Jewish invention. These people do not content themselves with charging that the Socialist doctrine is of Hebrew origin. That, of course, is undeniable; but while Karl Marx and Ferdinand Lasalle were Jews, so were the theoretical founders of Prussian Conservatism. But the fact is that the chiefs of the Socialist

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party, the Liebknechts, Bernstein, Cohn, Nordhausen, Davidson, and a host of others, are Jews. The twenty-two Independents who first split off from the Majority Socialists in the course of the war, and thus destroyed the union of the party in Parliament, were practically all Jews, and their three leaders were the Hebrews, Liebknecht, Haase, and Cohn.

The first indication of disaffection in the German army was the dispatch of a committee to Hindenburg, representing four hundred thousand soldiers. The spokesman of this committee was a mere private, twenty years old — a Jew named Levy. Jews started the terrible Bolshevist episode in Bavaria. Their names were Leviné, Levien, Toller, and Landauer — men whose memory is still anathema throughout Germany. The day the Empire fell was the day of opportunity for the Jewish race, which as Goethe long ago truly said, faced a hopeless future so long as the existing order stood.

A majority of the famous workers and soldiers' councils consisted of Jews, and the actual instigators of the revolution were a Jew named Hirsch in Prussia, another Jew named Kurt Eisner in Bavaria, a third named Gradnauer in Saxony, and two named Heinemann and Thalheimer in Wurttemburg. In the first republican ministry eighty per cent of the higher offices were held by Hebrews, although they form but one per cent of the population of Germany.

There is a basis of reason in this chorus of condemnation. An Israelite newspaper, the *Jewish Echo*, frankly criticized the situation soon after the revolution, asserting that there were too many Jews in the government. Men were saying: 'We have been liberated from twenty-three German Princes only to fall under the yoke of a thousand Hebrew tyrants.'

Naturally, the Jews hated Imperial Germany, which excluded them from a military career, from diplomacy, and from the higher honors of the judiciary and the administration. They naturally welcomed the overturn, which guaranteed them complete equality.

The Jew is looked upon here not only as an internal enemy, but as a foreign enemy. Trotzky and Kerensky, two leaders of the Russian revolution, and Radek and Joffe, the emissaries of Bolshevism which that country sent to Germany, are all Jews. Jewish, likewise, is the financial group in London, which desired the complete ruin of Germany's fortunes. The organizers of the fearful anti-German press propaganda throughout the world were Jews. Lord Northcliffe himself, who is known in his domestic circle as Alfred Harmsworth, is the great-grandson of a Jew from Frankfurt-on-the-Main. The founder of the great English Telegraph Company was Baron Reuter, the son of a German Jew. The great Italian and French news bureaus of Stefanie and Havas were founded by Jews.

A German named Wichtl has written a book entitled, *World Free Masonry; World Revolution; World Republic*, in an effort to prove that not only the revolution, but the war, was the work of the Free Masons, controlled by the Jews.

So, the anti-Semite League is agitating vigorously by public meetings, pamphlets, and hand bills, in favor of excluding Jews from educational institutions; of repudiating the public debt, which is largely held by Jews; and of boycotting Jewish merchants, theatres where plays written by Jews are presented, and newspapers controlled by Jews.

But the anti-Semite League has created spontaneously a League against anti-Semitism. As always

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happens, the Jews when attacked have withdrawn within themselves like the leaves of a sensitive plant. They have united for defense by separating from the Germans. They have thus returned to the vicious circle that has been so fatal to them throughout history. The more they are persecuted the more they retire from Christian association; and the more they thus retire the more they are persecuted.

So we see the gulf between the two races growing deeper — another wound in the bleeding body of Germany.

[*Avanti* (Socialist Daily), *March 19*]

ITALY'S REDEEMED TERRITORIES

BY VINCENZO VACIRCA

I HAVE just returned from Trieste, the object of Italy's patriotic longing for four years of useless slaughter. I have been also at Monfalcone, Gradisca, Gorizia, and other points of historic interest in that region. I have reviewed the desolation which the war has left from the Piave to the Tagliamento, and from the Isonzo to the very gates of Trieste itself. My own eyes have pictured to me the ruin of fertile countrysides and once smiling sites of industry, of destroyed cottages and villages that formerly sheltered honest toil and humble happiness.

The war, which its survivors seem so ready to deny to-day, is still a living and present thing throughout broad regions that previously belonged to Austria or were overrun by our enemies after the disaster of Caporetto. The earth is still torn and seared by high explosives and scarred by shell holes. Trenches still trace their tortuous courses across the landscape. Networks of barbed wire, fragments of equipment, and the untold mass of débris that piles up in the zone of combat, still lie about in disorderly array. They suggest the torn members of some supernatural monster, hardly yet submitting to death.

Scattered through the metallic detritus of war are riven trees, where black trunks here and there mark the site of a former forest; and peasants' cottages reduced to heaps of plastered dust and broken stone; and manor houses, of which only the foundations and exterior walls remain, bereft of roofs, floors, and partitions. These stone skeletons of former homes assume an aspect particularly melancholy and tragic as the gloom of the winter night descends upon the land. The visitor listens involuntarily for the rumbling of artillery and the rattle of machine guns. It seems as though lines of young warriors might spring at any moment from these trenches, and this gigantic scenario of combat again become enlivened with its living and dying actors. But the dead do not rise, whether they perish for a good or for an unworthy cause. Vast army cemeteries with their thickets of poor, rude crosses, hold forever the nameless masses who have found a final resting place in their bosoms. A solitary train speeds on its way, its strident whistle dying away across the Carso without an echo. Then silence falls, the silence of that death which follows war, that epilogue of the mad saturnalia of mutual butchery.

During the sixteen months since bullets last sped across these plains, practically nothing has been done to redeem, restore, or rebuild this region. Men are prompt — yes, even inspired beyond themselves — when called to organize the forces of destruction, to exterminate their fellows, to destroy and obliterate the work of centuries of honest labor; but they are tardy, awkward, and blundering when summoned to repair and to replace what they have ruined.

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Within two months of the armistice, at most, all the liberated territories should have been cleared of their incumbrance of ruin and wreckage. A civilian commission, representing the interested parties and chosen by the people of the district, should have been entrusted with the great task of reconstruction, which should have been pursued with intelligence, skill, and honesty. Instead of that, what occurred? The government has spent billions — I mean it, billions — and practically nothing has been accomplished. Military bureaucracy took upon itself to deal with the needs of that unhappy section of the country upon which the weight of the war had borne heaviest, and instead of aiding and succoring its people, it crushed out what little life and enterprise they still possessed. At Monfalcone, Gradisca, and elsewhere I saw families still crowded into miserable, makeshift huts, hovels, and indescribable barracks, while the few good houses were monopolized by officials and army officers, who occupied themselves mainly by throwing a spike into the wheels of any local resident who displayed the slightest enterprise or initiative. It is pleasanter not to refer to the state of mind of the inhabitants themselves, which is characterized by an exasperation bordering on insurrection. The incidents which occurred at Treviso and Vittorio Veneto are only isolated symptoms of a general condition that is becoming constantly more menacing. This discontent is not confined merely to the regions where air raids and heavy artillery wrecked nearly every house. Trieste and all Istria as far as Pola, have no houses to rebuild; yet they are groaning under the burden of a military occupation which not only is an intolerable oppression politically, but in addition paralyzes every industrial and commercial effort. Trieste is a vast barracks. Its trade is reviving only at a snail's pace; but it has a housing crisis on account of the horde of officials and soldiers quartered upon it. We should lift this weight of leaden, superfluous officialdom from its shoulders; we should leave its people free to breathe and labor. That is the appeal of Trieste, Istria, and Friuli. I have heard it repeated a thousand times, and I have seen the conditions that inspire it.

And elections? When are local and general elections to be held? That question met my ears at every turn. What could I answer? We live under a liberal government! The King has at last surrendered the right to declare war! We live, I say, in a land of complete democracy. But though sixteen months have elapsed since our victory, our fellow citizens, redeemed from a foreign yoke, are still unrepresented in Parliament, deprived even of rights which they always enjoyed under that foreign yoke.

The conclusions which our redeemed citizens draw from the situation are of a sort that I do not care to describe; for that certainly would make trouble for me with the censor.

So far as our own revolutionary programme alone is concerned, we need have nothing but gratitude for the imbecile government and governing classes, that apply themselves so industriously to heaping up explosives for our use. But from the humane standpoint, from the point of view of men whose hearts beat in sympathy with those who suffer, we can only curse incompetent officials and a social system too ignorant, too indifferent, or too impotent — all the same thing — to fulfill their imperative and urgent duty of aiding these fellow countrymen of ours, who did not themselves desire this great war of

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liberation; but who were forced to suffer the hardships and torture it brought, and must still pay a tax of pain for its iniquity.

[*The Times* (Northcliffe Press), *March 7*]

CHANGING JAPAN

BY ROBERT MACHRAY

TUMULTUOUS scenes were witnessed in the Diet and in Tokyo itself three or four weeks ago, when the question of universal suffrage was brought forward for discussion in the House of Representatives; and the Emperor, at the request of the government, dissolved the Diet on February 26, thus abruptly taking the matter out of the hands of the Parliament that had existed up to that time. There are rumors that the situation was seriously complicated by labor agitators.

What is really being seen in Japan is a fresh stage in the political evolution of her people. It is evolution, not revolution, that is going on; the crowds who clamored for universal suffrage in the streets of Tokyo last month were not revolutionists, but they bore witness to the increasing strength of the demand for the extension of the franchise. In considering the subject it should be borne in mind that the Japanese are a very young people so far as modern politics are concerned.

Fifty years have hardly passed since feudalism was abolished, and it was not till 1889 that the Constitution was formally promulgated. Japan's first Diet met in November, 1890, but as was natural in the circumstances the long traditions of feudalism continued to have a profound effect on the minds of its members. All the provisions of the Constitution were not put into effect, and the Genro or Elder Statesmen, a body of feudal chiefs high in the confidence of the late Emperor Mutsuhito, but who had no place in the Constitution, governed the country, making or changing Prime Ministers and Cabinets as seemed to be best to them. As time went on, and particularly since the accession of the present Emperor Yoshihito in 1912, the thousands of Japanese who had been educated in universities and high schools took an ever keener interest in politics. Meanwhile public opinion, a thing unknown in feudal Japan, was becoming a force to be reckoned with.

During the last four years the political struggle has been much intensified. Early in 1917 Mr. Ozaki, Minister of Justice under Okuma, and Mr. Inukai, head of the National party, raised in the Diet the question of the responsibility of the government to Parliament, and to such purpose that rather than face an adverse vote Terauchi, the Premier, asked the Emperor to dissolve the Diet — and the Emperor did dissolve it. In the subsequent General Election Terauchi obtained a majority, but eventually his position was so precarious that he resigned, September 21, 1918, his successor being Mr. Hara, the present Prime Minister, who has just been compelled to ask the Emperor to dissolve the Diet.

Mr. Hara has taken this step because of a powerful combination against him in the House of Representatives, the issue being the franchise. On becoming Prime Minister he was supported by the Seiyukai, or Constitutional party, which was founded by Prince Ito in 1900. After the death of that statesman Marquis Saionji became its head, and when he resigned a few years ago Mr. Hara succeeded to its leadership. It has always been a strong organization, but is not so strong as it was. In a House comprising three hundred and eighty-one members it numbered last year one

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hundred and sixty-two votes. The next strongest party is the Kenseikai, the result of a fusion of several parties, and as it is led by Viscount Kato it is sometimes known as the Kato party. Last year it had one hundred and twenty-two votes in the House, and was recognized as the Opposition. A third party is the Kokuminto, or National party. Its leader is Mr. Inukai, and it had thirty-six votes in the House. A fourth party is the Shinseikai, or New party; it had about fifty votes in the House.

In addition to these parties, the membership of the House was completed by a dozen Independents. The combination against Mr. Hara's Government consists of the Kenseikai, Kokuminto, Shinseikai, some Independents, and perhaps a few members of his own party. At the end of January last there was a movement among these politicians with a view to the organization into a compact body of all those who were in favor of a bill for universal suffrage, so as to insure a successful fight against the government and the Seiyukai. A general election will take place in the early summer.

Under the old electoral law there were about one million five hundred thousand voters, the qualifications being a certain length of residence in the given electoral district and the payment annually of ten yen — about five dollars — in direct taxation. This law was revised on May 22, 1919. The requisite length of residence was reduced to six months, and the annual payment in direct taxation to three yen — about a dollar and a half. (Almost everything is taxed in Japan.) This revision increased the number of voters to about three millions. The number of members of the House of Representatives was raised from three hundred and eighty-one to four hundred and sixty-four. This meant a very considerable extension of the franchise, but it was not considered sufficient by the bulk of the people. Hence the agitation.

The view taken by the Hara Government, and backed by the Seiyukai generally, was that while accepting universal suffrage in principle it was necessary to see first how the revised electoral law worked out, and that to prepare the way for universal suffrage there should be a revision of the electoral law for the Local Assemblies.

In Japan — at least at present — 'universal suffrage' is not extended to include women. Nor is it the intention to apply it to Korea, Formosa, or any part of the Outer Empire, but to Japan proper alone, where the number of voters will depend to some extent on the age limit assigned. Taking one voter to every five persons in Japan's population, which is now nearly sixty millions, the total number of voters would be twelve millions. Judging by the large amount of support the proposed measure is receiving, it seems to be likely that there will be universal suffrage in Japan in a comparatively short time.

One of its chief protagonists is Mr. Osaki, already mentioned. After a long visit to Europe last year, which he spent in a close study of the political and industrial situation in the West, he recently returned to Japan, where he has been making speeches on the burning question of the day. He is not a revolutionist, but he has always been identified with the foremost political thought in Japan, and he looks forward with every confidence to the orderly evolution of his country. Labor no doubt will play some part in that evolution, but labor is only beginning to have a political cast, and there has not yet been a labor member of the Diet.

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[*The Manchester Guardian*]

CAB OR TAXICAB?

BY ST. JOHN ERVINE

I MUST be ageing, for I find that I look back to things with more tolerance than I contemplate things about me. When, for example, I saw a coach-and-four driving through Roehampton the other morning I felt that it would be a far, far better thing for us if we were to scrap our motor engines and restore horseflesh to its proud place again. The driver was a smartly dressed man, with a stock about his neck and a gray tall hat on his head and a big cigar in his mouth; and there was a man with a very fine red coat who blew a coaching horn. He, too, had a stock about his neck and a gray tall hat on his head and a big cigar in his mouth, and he so closely resembled the driver that he might have been his twin. Perhaps he was, but there is a strong resemblance between all men who have to do with horses, and it is as likely as not that a similarity of look between two horsy men is due less to blood than to occupation.

Both these men had a defect which I have noticed in other men who lived in stables and with horses — they had flat feet. A comrade of mine, when I was stationed in the Life Guards' barracks at Windsor, told me, after I had drawn his attention to the number of old Guardsmen who were flat-footed, that the ammonia in the stables drew down the instep of the men's feet. That, at least, was the theory he had invented to explain the phenomenon. I do not know what truth there is in it. All I know is that flat feet are common among men who have to do with horses.

While I watched this coach-and-four roll off to London I remembered that there were no taxicabs plying for hire, or pretending to ply for hire, in town when I first burst upon it, but that soon afterwards these engines began to obtrude themselves upon the public notice. There must, I fear, be a strong strain of reaction in me, for I went about then vowing hard that nothing would ever induce me to put my feet on a motor-omnibus while I could contrive to get myself behind horseflesh.

I cannot describe my sense of shame when soon after I made this vow I broke it. I felt that I had betrayed the whole animal world, and I had a vision of a pony that once was mine being led to the knacker's showing dreadful reproach in its large, limpid eyes as it passed me by on the road. I, who had often stroked a horse's muzzle and had been rubbed sore by its bare back, had capitulated to machinery and petrol and stink! I did not, indeed, surrender to the motor-omnibus without a struggle, nor do I ever enter one even now not utterly loathing it and all its ways and works. I hate the way in which it sways and swiggles and I hate its unmannerly lurches and its air of aimless haste. I hate it because it causes the roads to be prepared with a surface which is cruel to horses, and I hate it for the way in which it ruins the comfortable ways of men.

Mr. Wells has somewhere expressed extreme contempt for the horse. He describes it as an unclean and ugly beast, and he gives a very interesting account of the æsthetic horror he has to endure when he is perched on the box-seat of a vehicle and is obliged to look at the distasteful contours of the animal which is pulling it along. Mr. Chesterton somewhere else defends the horse with great skill. I am torn between the two of them. I like horses because I like living, responsive, affectionate things. But I like machinery, too. I like steam engines, and I think there are few things so lovely as rail-

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way lines glistening in the sunshine, or tram lines gleaming at night on a glossy London road in the high, cold glow of electric arc lamps, or the great steel limbs of a ship's machinery. I feel sorry for the man who cannot realize that the Forth Bridge is a beautiful thing and that the great gantries in Harland and Wolff's shipyards are amazingly lovely. But when I come to compare a hansom-cab with a taxicab, or a motor-bus with a horse-drawn bus, then I abandon Mr. Wells altogether and I cleave unto Mr. Chesterton.

I do not like taxicabs nor do I like taxi-men. I hate motor-buses, and if my principles would permit me to hate any human being I should hate the driver of a motor-bus. I do not ask you to believe that all hansom cabmen and all horse busmen were agreeable and delightful creatures, for I remember an exceedingly unprofitable argument I once had with a cabman in the Brixton Road in the course of which I lost my temper and he lost a tip; nor do I ask you to believe that all horse busmen had a ready wit, for many of them were surly and dull, and, generally speaking, their wit, like that of the drill sergeant, was either traditional or invented by journalists; but I do ask you to believe that, take them for all in all, they were human beings, agreeable and companionable in most cases, and possessed, some of them, of a real romantic flair.

Those of us who remember London of fifteen years ago, when Bernard Shaw was filling the newspapers with the least of his sayings and young men were coming down from Oxford and Cambridge in the sure and certain belief that they were supermen, only to discover that there was nothing for them but the Civil Service—those who remember that London will remember that they sometimes saw a hansom cabman who might fairly be entitled 'Gentleman Joe.' All those cabmen modeled themselves on Mr. Arthur Roberts, who, only a month or two ago, returned to the stage to show the modern revue comedian what comic acting is, and took himself away again in disgust at his colleagues' incompetence.

I do not feel any pride in being driven about the town by a taxi-man. I do not feel that people on the footpath are gazing at him and saying, 'Heavens, but that's a smart-looking chap!' I have never seen a smart-looking taxi-driver. I do not believe that any taxi-driver knows what a buttonhole is or has the capacity to take pride in his appearance. If I go into the street and hail a taxicab, am I not certain to be served, if I am served at all, by a grubby-looking, frowsty mechanic who has not washed himself or his cab with any skill or care? He will reek with oil and have grease all over him. He will refuse to take you to the place to which you wish to go unless you bribe him with double fare or fare and a half. If you ask him to help you with your bag, he will tell you that he cannot leave his cab, although the rotten thing is unlikely to run away. He will not talk to you as one human being should talk to another. He never knows where any place is.

And if you turn in disgust from this follower of 'Enry Straker, this creature from the Polytechnic, this incivil engineer, and seek the driver of the motor-bus, what do you find? Well, generally, you do not find anything at all, for you are barricaded from him by glass, and have no chance of ever piercing to his human quality. But if you are as persistent as I am and track him down to some terminus where he can be seen off his box for a few moments, you will find that he is a little, pale-faced, nerve-racked, irri-

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table man who knows nothing of his route except the scheduled time in which he is expected to go from one end of it to the other. He is better educated than the horse-bus driver, in the sense that he knows more irrelevant facts, but he is worse educated than the horse-bus driver in the sense that he knows his facts unimaginatively and is inclined, as Mr. Birrell said of someone else, to prefer statistics to poetry.

The old bus driver had what is called horse sense, and plenty of it.

No one ever dreams of saying that the motor-bus driver has petrol sense. He hardly knows the name of his route. He speaks of his bus, not as the Islington bus, but as the 85 bus or the 23 service. He cannot tell you anything about the old Sam 'Iggins, who used to keep the little public-house at the corner of such-and-such a road, nor can he give you particulars of the way in which Mrs. Grubb, the eating-house keeper, behaved when she discovered that her old man had abandoned her forever. He cannot tell you the name of a monument on his route, nor, as the old bus driver could, can he invent a name for one of them. The old bus driver might not be witty, but at all events he was garrulous. His successor is neither witty nor garrulous; he is ignominiously mum. The old driver had no nerves; the new driver has nothing else. We lost a man when we scrapped the old driver, and we gained a rude mechanical.

[*The New Statesman*]

AN ESSAY ON COMPLAINTS

ANYONE who reads the correspondence columns of the popular papers must often have noticed how much of the space is taken up with complaints. Every minute of the day some good British citizen loses his temper, and, if he has not the courage to abuse a shop assistant, a cook, a waitress, the director of a railway company or an office boy, he takes up his pen and writes a letter to the paper. One wet night, a motor-bus does not stop when he waves his umbrella; his blood boils till he has said his say in ink on furious driving. He generally wants to know 'what is happening to,' etc., 'how long this is to be allowed to go on,' and so forth. His favorite adjectives are 'disgraceful' and 'unheard-of.' He brings in a moving reference to the danger to 'women and children.'

If his letter is published an anonymous bus driver writes suggesting that some people think they own the earth and that if there is anybody who has reason to complain it is the poor bus driver, with idiotic old men waving to him to stop every ten yards or so. A driver, he points out, has to make a certain number of journeys each day. If he stopped to take up every old fool in a frayed silk hat who stood in the middle of the road and gesticulated, it would take him at least two days to get from Hampstead Heath to Victoria Station. Then he, too, introduces the human touch, and wishes to know if a 'bus driver is never to be allowed home to see his wife and children.'

It is an almost invariable rule that complaints are mutual. There are two sides to every bad temper. The truth is, bad temper is due less to the occurrence of irritating things than to the occurrence of things to irritable people.

In a properly irritable mood, one can be irritated by almost anything. At breakfast the bacon is too salt, the egg is overdone, the coffee has not been made with boiling water, the toast is not crisp enough, and the clock on the mantelpiece is so slow that one is left with too little time to catch the train.

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All day long the black procession of events continues. The cigarettes that used to be so mild and fragrant simply sputter with saltpetre till one jumps. The print of the newspaper is too small, the head-lines too sensational, and the modern habit of making you read all the news three times — in head-lines, in summary, and in full — would try the temper of a saint. Then the railway station is draughty, and one cannot go into the waiting room because there is a vile person sitting at the fire, wheezing and sneezing enough to give influenza to the whole county. The train, when it arrives, is overcrowded, and third-class passengers tumble in profusion into the first-class carriages, and some horrible woman's horrible baby begins to paw the knee of a new pair of trousers with a hand sticky with melted chocolate.

One arrives at the office, and one finds everybody as happy and cheerful as if they were on holiday. One envies them bitterly for the easy time they seem to be having. They appear to think that work means devolving work on to other people, especially on to one's self, and, the less work they do, the higher salaries they draw. It is really a rather tall order that one man should be expected to do the entire work of the office.

But there is no need to continue the history of the bad-tempered man in detail. The wine at lunch is bad and dear. The fish is bad and dear and not enough of it. He cannot get a piece of household bread but has to eat a roll, which always gives him indigestion. There is no sugar for the coffee, but only saccharine which, he has been told, medical men say should be prohibited. Apart from this, the waiter seems to be at everybody else's beck and call except his. He is kept waiting six minutes even for his bill. If only he had the courage, he would go away without leaving a tip. In any case, the whole tipping system is a disgrace and should be abolished. It is not that he begrudges the money, but the system is degrading. It makes waiters servile — or, at least, it used to, before they got so damnably independent. The truth is, the working classes are getting altogether too uppish. Strikes here, strikes there, and asking for the moon — they expect to be paid double for doing no work at all, while the unfortunate middle classes sweat away, day in, day out, in order to give them cheap bread and build houses for them and keep the country going.

And he goes on feeling like that till he gets back among the middle classes in his office where, as we have shown, he is forced to the conclusion that they never do any work either. In the end, he is convinced that he himself is the only hard worker, the only burden bearer, the Atlas of the world. What is the matter with the man? Have the stars in their course been fighting against him or is it that he needs a pill?

It is not often, perhaps, that we find so complete and unexceptioned an existence of ill temper as we have just described. Few people could carry out such a prolonged programme of wrath without bursting a blood vessel. The ordinary man is bad-tempered only in bits. He does not damn everybody's eyes promiscuously. He would write to the papers for no smaller a reason than the increase of the habit of smoking among women, the indecency of the new fashions, or the bad behavior of young men in Richmond Park on Sunday. He lives placidly enough apart from these and similar outrages. He has long since abandoned the hope that the Coalition Government or domestic servants can be improved as a result of writing letters to the papers. He has merely grown cynical about them. He laughs because he feels

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there is nothing else to do. He knows that, if he let himself go on such subjects, he might become homicidal, and so he forces himself to limit his grumbling instincts to matters of less import, such as the deterioration in the quality of porridge, the manners of the younger generation, and the price of eggs in tea shops.

He loves especially to complain about prices. He is charged too much for the things he buys, and is not allowed to charge enough for the things he sells. Apparently, the man who sells eggs from the poultry farm is robbed by the shopkeeper, the man who sells eggs in the shop is robbed by the public, and the man who buys eggs is robbed by both the others. This is the most satisfactory situation conceivable, when all parties have good cause for grumbling. On the whole, we think the farmer and the shopkeeper are to be congratulated most. They are in the happy position of being able to grumble and grow rich. The consumer has an equal privilege of grumbling, but, while he complains, he grows poor. This suggests that he has not yet discovered the true science of grumbling.

Grumbling ought not to be a weakling's whine. It is worth nothing except as a strong man's luxury. All strong men and strong nations grumble. Did the employers ever grumble so much about the idleness, incompetence, and ingratitude of the poor as during the nineteenth century, when they were heaping up fortunes at a rate unparalleled in history? Is there anyone who can grumble during so many hours a day as a clubman with a large private income? Small nations are supposed to cherish their grievances against the empires that keep them in subjection, but have you ever noticed how the empires speak of the small nations? One is as likely to grumble against the people one injures as against the people who injure one. One has to grumble at something or other. A man who can find nothing to complain about simply does not know how to enjoy himself.

> Now would n't your life be exceedingly flat
> With nothing whatever to grumble at?

That is why people like to read letters in the paper, and also helps to explain the huge circulation of one of the notorious weekly papers. The editor was clever enough to see that most people dearly love their grievances, and that, if you give them a platform for their grievances, you will sell more copies than if you give them only a platform for your own ideals. We do not mean to say that the mass of human beings are devoid of ideals, but we fear that on ordinary occasions they are a great deal more interested in their complaints. It is just the same with regard to their health. They are much less likely to boast how well they are feeling than how ill they are feeling. A liver complaint means far more to a man than the best digestion. If you allow him, he will describe his symptoms — the taste in his mouth, the sudden loss of vision, and what happens if he eats stewed plums. And he tells you all this, not in humility, but with the vanity of a peacock. The vanity of an invalid far surpasses any vanity known in healthy men and women. This is, perhaps, one of the compensations of ill health. It gives one something to complain about.

The healthy man, on the other hand, has to go to the trouble of looking round for a reason for losing his temper. He may even have to content himself with some minor matter, such as the behavior of the audiences at the cinema theatres. A correspondence has lately been running in one of the daily papers on this subject. One writer denounced those members of

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the audience who insist on reading aloud the various fragments of plot that are thrown on the screen. Another declared that what he objected to most was not the reading aloud but the horrible Cockney voices in which it was done. Yet another wrote to say that this was only a small matter and that the people he really hated at the cinema were the people who sat behind you and kicked under your seat through all the exciting parts of the play. These are manifestly the complaints of persons who have nothing to complain about.

When letters of this kind are written to the papers, it is a sign that things are going fairly smoothly. Or is it? Are such letters, we wonder, appearing in the press of starving Austria? Are there Armenians who complain of the way in which trippers leave waste paper and empty bottles lying about in the parks? Do the Sinn Fein deportees complain to their jailers that too many h's are being dropped and too many infinitives split for decent men to endure? There was a story told during the war of a soldier who, in the course of one of the deadliest and most furious bombardments, struck a French match in order to light a cigarette, and, as the well-known smell of the match rose and choked him, muttered in disgust, 'These bloody foreign matches'll be the death of me.' That is, perhaps, a fable. It is certainly a fable in that it gives a true account of human nature.

We have little doubt that, if the end of the world came, there would be heard amid the general confusion voices indignantly demanding, 'who are you shoving?' others complaining of the erratic quality of the electric light, others denouncing the beer for having 'no kick in it,' others protesting that it had happened at the most inconvenient hour of the day. Catastrophe may just at first benumb the human imagination, but the numbness does not last. Human nature reasserts itself, and we are soon complaining in chorus again like the birds in full song.

[*The Athenæum*]

THE TRIALS OF A GREAT MAN'S MOTHER: THE STORY OF MRS. DE QUINCEY

BY D. HUSSEY

Cornelia, Lady Byron, and Queen Victoria would have had a great deal in common; their sons not quite so much. But supposing relations to have become strained they would have had one unfailing topic on which to fall back — their mothers. They both had good mothers. So strong is the maternal instinct that most women, unless they actually drink or run away from their husbands, are good mothers. There is a certain family likeness between them.

If ever a man had a good mother it was De Quincey. She had the best attribute of a good mother — the power of producing first-rate children out of apparently commonplace ma-

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terial. She herself, though a vigorous, clear-headed woman, was from all accounts entirely conventional, unimaginative, Philistine. Of her husband little is known. He was consumptive, lived abroad, 'traveling in search of health,' for the greater part of his married life. He only returned to his family a few weeks before his death. He died at the age of 38, when his eldest surviving son was only 12. De Quincey, therefore, tells us very little about his father, but that little is not promising. He was a Manchester merchant, and left an 'unburdened estate producing £1600 a year.' De Quincey describes him as a 'plain, unpretending man,' literary to the extent of having written a book. This work, entitled *A Tour in the Midland Counties of England*, appeared in the *Gentleman's Magazine* of 1774.

Yet the wife of this 'plain, unpretending man' bore him eight children, whose collective genius, but for the extraordinary fate which overhung them, should have made the solid, comfortable house at Greenhay famous as the shabby rectory at Haworth. But fate was even more cruel to the house of the De Quinceys than to that of the Brontës, and only one of its marvelous children is remembered.

Thomas De Quincey stands out alone of his name famous in English literature, and on his own particular mountain without a rival. But no one who has read those amazingly little read *Autobiographical Sketches* will doubt that he was one of eight children — all unusually gifted, of whom two, if not four, were gifted richly as himself. De Quincey's word is not, of course, the best possible evidence. One may perhaps feel a little skeptical about the 'premature intellectual grandeur' of De Quincey's eldest sister, 'thou dear, noble Elizabeth,' who died in her ninth year, 'whose head for its superb development was the astonishment of science.' But no reader of the *Opium Eater*, *Levana*, or *The Avenger* will suspect their author of having invented the characters of William and Richard De Quincey. All the important events in Richard's marvelous career are confirmed by the *De Quincey Memorials*, drawn from sources quite independent of De Quincey's own writings. As for William, if De Quincey invented the character of that young man, then Bacon wrote *Hamlet*, and a monk the *Odyssey*. No, these wonderful children were the fruit, not of the drugged fancy of Thomas, but of the respectable womb of Mrs. De Quincey.

They were well brought up. Mrs. De Quincey achieved that combination of dignity and thoroughness peculiar to British matrons. As her son says:

> No mother can ever have lived who was more vigilant to see that we received to the last fraction every attention due to our manners, to our health, or to the proprieties of our dress. It is as good as a comedy in my feeling when I call back the characteristic scene which went on every morning of the year. All of us were for some six years marched off or carried off to a morning parade in my mother's dressing room. As the mail coaches go daily in London to the Inspector of Mails, so we rolled out of the nursery at a signal given, and were minutely reviewed in succession. When this inspection, which was no mere formality, had traveled from the front rank to the rear, when we were pronounced to be in proper trim or, in the language of the guards, 'All right behind,' we were dismissed, but with two ceremonies that to us were mysterious and allegorical — first our hair and faces were sprinkled with lavender water and milk of roses; secondly, we received a kiss on the forehead.

Mrs. De Quincey's care for her children's physical welfare increased rather than diminished as they outgrew the nursery, or, rather, in her eyes they never did outgrow the nursery. To Thomas, aged 16, returning from school with his younger brothers, she writes: 'I must repeat, do not let

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Henry go from you for a moment, and let Pink [Richard] mind the luggage. Keep Henry from leaning against the coach door, or over the side of the boat.' A merciful Providence hid Henry from her sight on half holidays. Four years later, when Thomas is an undergraduate, she writes to him at Oxford: 'Enclosed I send you two half £5 notes. Mind to join the right halves together when you get them.'

She continued to send her sons money long after they left college. They suffered from that inability to make a living so common in talented families. Their mother, at the end of her life, sent nearly half of her income to her sons. She spared neither time nor money in 'cures' for her daughter Mary.

But this was not all. Mrs. De Quincey was no worldly mother — absorbed in the health and material prosperity of her children. She was the fine model of a British — not a Roman — matron, a woman of Evangelical piety. Religious ladies moved into the vicinity of Chester in order to have the benefit of her conversation for themselves — her example for their daughters. Bishops, priests, and deacons dined nightly at her table. 'We shall miss you very much at the Bible Meeting Thursday next,' writes Hannah More from Barley Wood.

Her piety burned with a clear, almost a scorching flame. Infidelity — levity — even apparently innocent light-heartedness, fled from before her like the devil before holy water. 'Speak to mistress,' said a lively housemaid on being asked why she did not appeal to her mistress in a case of supposed wrong, 'speak to mistress — would I speak to a ghost?'

Terrible indeed was the one occasion on which infidelity raised its head in Mrs. De Quincey's own house — lifting its voice at her very table, choking the good seed sown in the ears of her servants at family prayers. It was not Mrs. De Quincey's fault. The Honorable Antonina Dashwood Lee was introduced into her household by her daughter's governess — a Miss Wesley, a niece of John Wesley, the founder of Methodism. It was known that she was a 'bold thinker,' and that for a woman she had an 'astounding command of theological learning.' Miss Wesley's recommendation and the theological learning prevailed over the bold thinking, and the neighboring clergy were invited in large numbers to meet her. The results were disastrous. All too soon it was discovered that this 'bold thinking' was infidelity of the most militant type, the theological learning the deadliest weapon in its armory. The Reverend Mr. Clowes, Rector of St. John's Church, Manchester, was rendered speechless. 'Horror, blank horror, seized him upon seeing a woman, a young woman, a woman of captivating beauty whom God had adorned so eminently with gifts of mind and person, breathing sentiments that seemed to him fresh from the vintage of hell.' As for Mrs. De Quincey, 'For the first and last time in her long and healthy life she took to her bed — the victim of an alarming nervous attack.'

It was not likely that a woman who took her duties as a hostess thus seriously would treat her spiritual functions as a mother lightly. She did not. Her conception of the maternal office was terrific. 'I have an awful account,' she writes to Thomas at school, 'to give as a parent. My charge is one of the talents I must render up with improvement, or meet the just punishment of its neglect or abuse.' She moved among her children 'as ever in the Great Taskmaster's sight,' preparing to meet this awful day of reckoning. Her children reacted accordingly. 'It

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may seem odd,' writes Thomas, 'according to some people's ideas of mothers, that some part of my redundant love did not overflow upon mine. But she delighted not in infancy — nor infancy in her. The very greatness of some qualities in her mind made this impossible.'

Still the 'awful account' had to be rendered. How was Mrs. De Quincey to prepare it? To begin with, the human heart was desperately wicked, and the sooner the children realized their own innate vileness, the better. As Thomas writes:

> Usually mothers defend their own cubs, right or wrong; and they also think favorably of any pretensions to praise which these cubs may put forward. Not so my mother. Were we taxed by interested parties with some impropriety of conduct? Trial by jury, English laws of evidence, all were forgotten; and we were found guilty on the bare affidavit of the angry accuser. Did a visitor say some flattering thing of a talent or accomplishment by one or other of us? My mother protested so solemnly against the possibility that we could possess one or the other, that we children held it a point of filial duty to believe ourselves the very scum and refuse of the universe.

Any spontaneous ideas were probably the sprouts of original sin — and must be promptly suppressed. Mrs. De Quincey writes to Thomas: 'We have very few sentiments of union between us — and [if Thomas lived at home] the whole task of suppressing opposing ones would fall on me.' This task of suppressing the 'opposing opinions' of seven unusually clever and high-spirited children was obviously too much for one woman however devoted and energetic. The boys were sent early to school.

There was talk at one time of sending Thomas to Eton. Thomas, a shy, studious and somewhat effeminate boy, made inquiries among his aristocratic young friends, and came to the conclusion that the discipline and discomfort of a public school would not suit him. These are the words in which he dissuades his mother from her project: 'Eton I am certain you will not like. From all I hear, the discipline of the school is certainly not what one would expect, and surely not what it should be. Westport and Dominick Brown, his cousin, have told me enough to make me sure of that; and the morals of the place are evidently at a low ebb.' De Quincey was not sent to Eton, but, as every schoolboy knows, to Manchester Grammar School. Every schoolboy also knows that he ran away from the Manchester Grammar School. His correspondence with his mother during his last term at school is not so well known — and is instructive.

This running away from school was no mere act of boyish caprice. He was 16, a singularly gentle and studious boy, a born scholar, recognized as such by masters and schoolfellows alike. The régime of school (which, indeed, to the twentieth century appears little short of homicidal) did not suit his health. He suffered from a series of slight, but almost perpetual liver disorders, and their consequent agonies of depression. He wrote to his mother a perfectly sensible and respectful letter, explaining his sufferings, and begging to be allowed to spend the eighteen months which must elapse before he entered college at home, instead of at a school which had reduced his health and spirits to a level at which study was impossible.

Such a letter to a mother of Mrs. De Quincey's means and position at the present day would normally result in a visit to a specialist and a prescribed course of holiday, diet, and exercise. Morality and religion would have about as much to do with it as if the boy complained of short sight or rheumatism.

With Mrs. De Quincey the physical

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side of the case was soon dismissed: 'Your misery I sincerely lament, and with tenfold concern because it is produced by your sick mind, which no earthly physician can cure.' But Thomas was not left even to the care of an 'earthly physician,' but to the care of a mere apothecary, who, 'with sublime simplicity, confined his treatment to one horrid mixture that must have suggested itself to him when prescribing for a tiger.' Thomas took two doses, but the instinct of self-preservation asserted itself and prevented his taking a third.

His mother concentrated on the moral aspect of her son's case, and indeed his proposition revealed a state of mind which, in her own words, 'filled her with anguish and amazement.' She saw in it a deliberate design to revolt — to renounce not merely the authority of a 'living parent,' but to trample on the last wishes of a dead father. His opinions had probably been suggested, certainly swelled into importance, by the advocates of early emancipation and other preposterous theories. It was the result of Thomas's overweening pride, 'the spirit of heathenism; and if any one temper of mind may singly be put to describe the whole anti-Christian character, it is self-glory — and its monstrous adjuncts are independence and pride, which cast angels from Heaven — where such tempers are no more admissible now than then.'

At the same time it was the result of a purely childish desire to idle away his time at home — free from the disagreeable accidents of school. It would damage his material prospects, and lose him the chance of an exhibition of £100 a year at Oxford. In short, Mrs. De Quincey was 'well assured that a year spent at home in desultory reading without an object is an evil of such incalculable extent that I shall never consent to it, except to avoid something very dreadful to be escaped in no other way.'

So Thomas was to remain at school, not, however, without spiritual help for his 'sick mind.'

> As your parent, my very dear child [writes his mother], I command you, in the name of that God whom you must serve or lose, that you do conscientiously read every day at least a chapter in the Gospels and Epistles; there you will learn, at any rate you may learn, to know yourself, your end, your duty. Ask of God to enlighten your understanding to receive the truths of His Word. Let your daily reading be the works of men who were neither infidels nor Jacobins: read history; it will show you the corruption of human nature and the overruling power and providence of God.

This remedy Thomas treated as he had done the apothecary's pills, and, this time taking his case into his own hands, ran away from school. After wandering for nearly a year in London and Wales, enduring all the horrors of destitution, Thomas was finally reconciled to his mother and guardians, spent the remaining months which elapsed before he could go to Oxford in the desultory reading so much to be dreaded, and went up to Oxford without an exhibition. He thus gained by open defiance everything which had been denied to his reasonable request, and, in addition, a constitution shattered for life.

The lesson which Mrs. De Quincey seems to have drawn from her dealings with Thomas was the necessity for an increased severity in the upbringing of her sons. This is exemplified in her dealings with her second surviving son, Richard.

Richard, known in his family as Pink, was four years younger than Thomas, equally gifted and far more attractive. As a boy he was constantly put to shame by the ladies of Bath who stopped and kissed him on his way to school. But for all his ex-

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quisite, almost feminine beauty, he was strong, high-spirited, even aggressively manly as the toughest of his schoolfellows.

He was originally put to school under a clergyman in Lincolnshire, a gentle, learned recluse, under whom Pink was both happy and well taught. Mrs. De Quincey soon discovered that this man's yoke was too mild and easy for her son, and Pink was removed to the care of one better fitted to counteract the latent evil of his disposition. This man was an active, bustling bully, with the ideals and methods of a horsetamer.

> He not only thought that physical coercion was the sole engine by which man could be managed, but, on the same principle, he fancied that no pupil could adequately or proportionately reverence his master until he had settled the precise proportion of superiority in animal powers by which his master was in advance of himself. Strength of blows only could ascertain *that*.

Pink was not exempt. In De Quincey's own language, 'Pink the beautiful, but also the haughty, the proud, he beat, kicked, trampled on.' In less than two hours' time Pink was on the road to Liverpool. He was discovered in an inn, and taken to an uncle, who restored him at once to the headmaster with the stipulation that he was not to be thrashed in future. No inquiries were made. The uncle was, if anything, mildly amused at his nephew's exploit. As soon as he had gone, the master took his revenge in a second thrashing more brutal than the first. Pink again set out for Liverpool.

Pink could profit by experience, if his elders could not. This time, avoiding public inns and high roads, he made straight for the docks. He was taken on board a merchantman. His family heard nothing of him for three years. They did not see him for seven. At the end of that time he reappeared among them, by an extraordinary combination of good luck and industry, as a midshipman in the Royal Navy. But for seven years he had passed through the horrors of shipwreck, piracy, and constant confinement with the most brutal and degraded characters. His health was completely ruined and his spirit broken.

The stories of Pink and Thomas would have given most mothers pause. For Mrs. De Quincey they were full of instruction. The lessons which she drew from them are shown by a letter written to her youngest son Henry when she had just heard news of Pink:

> Thus, my dear Henry, you must see to what lengths a rebellious spirit can carry a person. A boy with Richard's pride, who fancied himself equal to the first in society, and was disgusted with the thought of the condition even of his own family, and of everything in the shape of rule, voluntarily sinks himself to be the companion of common sailors, submits to the very tight discipline of a ship, and the orders of a coarse captain but a few, if any, degrees above his own crew. And again, oh, Henry, your brother's sufferings have been so great, and I fear are likely to be so, that they might well deter others from like rebellious conduct.

Of such exhortations Mrs. De Quincey was never weary. As she writes to Thomas:

> In this letter I purpose faithfully to point out to you where you are departing from the rectitude of your first principles, and to show you that no scheme, no aim, no destination under the sun can ultimately be good which grows out of a dreadful fallacy. . . . The increasing love of a mother is figuratively used as the most immutable of human things, to express the absolute unchangeableness of God to His children. My tenderness shall follow you through every change and period of life. If the world forsakes you (a probable thing, though not in the catalogue of your present expectations), I cannot.

She did not. At every stage in her children's career she is ready with appropriate exhortation, advice, and reproof. Never did she fail in her sacred duty of pointing out to her children the error of the way in which they were walking. To Thomas, a man of fifty,

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the father of three children and of established literary reputation, she writes:

> I must now enter on some very painful subjects.
>
> 1st. I have heard and noticed before, though you replied not, that you are still an Opium Eater, and this dreadful Drug thus acts upon you. . . .
>
> 2d. That you write in a disreputable magazine, and in a spirit afflicting, as I hear too, to your real friends.
>
> Another report I rejected as quite incredible, namely, that your children's education is neglected.

Having thus performed its last duty, the maternal pen was laid aside forever. One cannot but pity her. She may not have been a wise or sympathetic mother, but she was a devoted and most unhappy one. 'I can see at the bottom of your calamities no better hope than that which has ever cheated my unfortunate children,' she writes on one occasion. Truly she suffered in the sufferings of her children.

Of her eight wonderful children, four were tubercular, two ran away from her in childhood, three died before the age of 16, and only two survived the age of 30, and of these one after sufferings so hideous that, in comparison, his brothers and sisters were happy in their early deaths.

'Wilt thou bring down my gray hairs with sorrow to the grave?' The cry is exquisitely pitiful. There is nothing of which we can remind ourselves which will harden our hearts against it.

[*Cornhill Magazine*]

FETISH: A STORY OUT OF AFRICA

BY W. H. ADAMS

THE Foreman of Works to whom the government had entrusted the building of the Rest House, had placed it, with the idea of shade and shelter, in the centre of a great grove of cocoanuts, merely cutting down enough of the trees for his purpose. Consequently the little building resembled the Witch's House of the fairy tale. Concealed in the thick wood, the wayfarer might easily pass it by without seeing it.

At the least breath of wind the leaves of the palms whispered, with innumerable rustlings, and in a sharp breeze the sojourner might fancy himself in a storm-beaten lighthouse, with the frequent falling of great nuts upon the iron roof to emphasize the fury of the gale. The trees rose straight out of the sand, and in the sand little crabs burrowed. The house was cool and dark, except for a few minutes each day, when the sun's rays poured down upon it from the zenith. It was a queer and ghostly place.

John Charteris, Bachelor of Arts, Barrister-at-Law, and commissioner of the district, had hammocked over from his headquarters a couple of dozen miles away, to meet an inspector of roads. That official had departed; and, wearied and lazy, Charteris was smoking a solitary pipe outside the house. It was a quiet evening and the gentlest of land breezes did no more

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than rustle the giant fronds of the palms; while, through the murmurings, the tired man could hear the eternal beating of the surf upon the soft beach a quarter of a mile away.

The little traveling lamp stood on the table by his side. Its light fell upon a white bill affixed to the brown-painted door of the house. He could see the blur of the letters, though the light was too dim for him to read the words; but he knew the contents of the placard well enough: '£25 Reward! Wanted! Quarmin Tay!'

He lay back and pondered. He was worried, and his thoughts were not pleasant. The man named in the bill was wanted for murder, and the man named in the bill was not to be found. This was curious; for a criminal in a savage country can usually be traced, provided he is wanted badly enough. Kings and chiefs can be communicated with, and warned against harboring him. There are towns and villages, and he must come into them. But here every effort had failed, and the capture had come to be regarded as a most necessary thing. The more especially as, in the course of the hunt, the reluctance of everyone to discuss the subject or even to mention the wanted man's name had been most marked. For this reluctance Charteris had been able to obtain no satisfactory reason.

But he was very tired. Hammock travel, with its trudge, trudge, trudge, mile after mile, is exhausting work. The pipe dropped from his hand, the white paper on the door faded away, and he slept.

He awoke with a start, and with the impression that someone was calling him. The lamp was burning low, the breeze had strengthened and the fronds of the palms were all astir, whispering and sighing. Heavy clouds were coming up overhead, and the flame of the dying lamp was blowing out on one side. For a moment he was bewildered and confused. He sat up and rubbed his eyes. At the same moment he heard almost at his elbow, a voice whispering among the trees.

'Who's there?' he demanded, starting up in his chair.

'Quarmin Tay! Quarmin Tay!' whispered the voice. 'Who will pay the reward for Quarmin Tay?'

'I will pay it at the Fort,' said Charteris. 'But what do you know about Quarmin Tay? Come out and let's see you.'

'Bansu,' the voice whispered, and there was silence.

'Here! Who are you? Where are you? What's your name?'

There was no answer. Charteris ran among the trees. He found no one. No trace of anyone. He listened, but heard nothing but the sighing of the leaves. Startled, and hardly sure that the whole thing was not a dream, he returned to his chair.

But he could not find peace of mind. He smoked without enjoying it for half an hour, and then walked round the house to the servants' quarters.

'Quashie! Quashie!' he called softly into the darkness.

An old gray-headed negro appeared, half-dazed with sleep. Charteris led the way back to where he had been sitting, and lowered himself into his chair.

'Sit down beside me, Quashie,' he said. 'I want to talk to you.'

The old man complied, and waited for his master to speak.

'Have you ever heard of Bansu?' asked Charteris suddenly.

The other looked up uneasily. 'Who tell master about Bansu?' he said.

'Never mind that. Do you know anything about it? Is it a place?'

'Bansu — Bansu ——' muttered Quashie, 'be a small village by the sea 'bout eight or nine hours from here. It be all sand and water. Nothing else.'

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'Well, go on!' said his master, as Quashie's voice failed. 'That does not sound very alarming. What's the matter? What is wrong with Bansu?'

The negro, when frightened, cannot turn pale. Quashie moved uneasily and the flickering light showed his face a bilious green.

'Oh, sah!' he muttered. 'Oh, sah, I fear to talk. I fear.'

'But you need not fear. Remember, I am the commissioner of this district, and you are my servant. No one will dare touch the government, and no one will dare touch you. Is n't that true?'

'No, sah, that not be true. Not touch you, p'raps, but touch me all right. And if they can't touch me, they touch my family, and all my friends who live in the fishing villages 'bout here.'

'But I will not tell. I promise you no one shall know you have spoken to me on the subject.'

Quashie hesitated. He was fond of his master, in whose service he had been for a long time, and in whose company he had experienced many little adventures. He relied upon the ability of the white man to protect his dependent; nevertheless, as a native, he regarded matters from his own point of view.

'S'pose, sah — s'pose, sah,' he whispered at last, 's'pose you swear on the Bible not to tell, then p'raps I speak.'

'Won't my word do?'

'No, sah. I believe your word, but you must swear too.'

'I swear on the Bible, then, that I will never tell anyone that you have spoken to me about Bansu or anything connected with it.'

'Well, sah, then — then — at Bansu the sea be deep and there be sharks there. Big sharks, and little sharks, and — and the people at Bansu be sharks and the sharks be people.'

Charteris knocked the ashes out of his pipe and sat silent till poor Quashie's tremors had died away. Then he said softly and slowly, 'I suppose this is a fetish business? I thought so. Well, go on.'

Seeing that the white man did not laugh at him, the black man gained confidence. 'It be like this, sah,' he said. 'The Head Sharks come out of the sea and be men, and build Bansu. Then they catch the other sharks, the little ones, and dry 'em and trade 'em away for rum and tobacco, to people who come down from the bush. Then, sah, they run about and get drunk and enjoy themselves, and when they be tired of being men they go back into the sea and be sharks again.'

'But why don't the other sharks set upon them and kill them, when they go back?' said Charteris.

'Only a few of the Head Sharks able to do this thing, sah. The poor small sharks not know what they been up to. And while they be men, they come along to the fishing villages 'bout here and take everything the people got. And if the people make palaver, they say they will send sharks to tear the nets and drive away the fish and bite people when they bathe. And a little time ago,' quavered Quashie, 'one of them killed a woman.'

Charteris turned in his chair. 'Killed a woman? Who killed a woman?' Quashie did n't answer. 'Was it that man?' and Charteris pointed to the bill, which showed dim in the dull light. 'Was it Quarmin Tay?'

With a sudden movement, Quashie knocked over the little lamp, and the chimney bursting, the burning oil ran over the sand. He quenched the flame, and muttering an apology, went into the house and brought another light. Then he squatted down again.

'I see that it was,' said Charteris. 'Now, Quashie, who is Quarmin Tay?'

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'Please, sah, do not speak so loud. Quarmin Tay — Quarmin Tay ——'

'Yes. Go on.'

'He be head of it all. He be King Shark, and he teach his friends how to do this wicked thing.'

'If he is King Shark, I suppose he is also Chief Priest?' said Charteris slowly.

'Yes, sah. I — I think so.'

There was a long silence. Charteris sat lost in thought. He was not inclined to laugh at Quashie's story, though he would have done so if he had read it in some magazine in his comfortable club at home. Here, in its proper setting, with the perplexed frightened face of the black man staring up at him, it did not sound preposterous. He had had some experience of fetish, the negro's religion and curse, and sane though he was, he was not prepared to say that things curious and unaccountable did not happen to those who practised devil worship in wild and savage places. He called to mind the Leopard Society of Sierra Leone whose priests, at the culminating rite at full moon, went howling through the forests, naked save for the skin of a leopard, and tore the human sacrifices to pieces with iron talons affixed to their fingers. Whether, as the priests averred, and the people believed, wild leopards came forth from their dens and joined in the blood orgy, he could not say. But he knew it to be a fact that the ghastly business grew to such magnitude, that the English Government had to send out special commissioners to deal with it; the record of whose doings lies in the Colonial Office to-day.

'Yours is a wild tale, Quashie,' he said at last. 'Do you really believe it?'

'I not know, sah. I not know. I be a Christian man, and sometimes I think one way and sometimes I think the other way. But black men be different from white men, sah, and the devil be all over this coast for certain. And everyone fear Quarmin Tay because he not be proper man, but a shark.'

'Shark or man, I must catch him; for the government wants him badly. I hear he is at Bansu. Will you be afraid to come there with me?'

'Quarmin Tay not be at Bansu, sah.'

'Why do you say that?'

'Fetish make law, sah, that if the shark men leave the sea edge they can't go back again. A little while ago Quarmin Tay go inland after a girl who come down to help take away the dried shark. He like her so much he can't help himself. And now he fear to go back. Though he be Chief Priest, he got to obey the fetish. You know that, sah.' Charteris nodded. 'It be a long way and a hard way to Bansu, and I think we should go all that way for nothing.'

'I can't lose the chance. I may have driven him there. I can find him nowhere else. Do you know the place?'

'Yes, sah. Once, when I be with Captain Firminger, we get lost and wander there. But we find no one. No one ever see anybody at Bansu. For when the shark people spy anyone coming, they run into the sea and be fish again. Once we think we see people, but we find no one.'

'But that must be a long time ago. Captain Firminger has been gone from the coast for years. Things may have changed.'

'No, sah. They be all the same. No one ever see anybody in Bansu.'

'Anyhow, I shall go. If you fear to come with me, you can stay here till I come back. Only I must find a guide.'

Quashie looked at his master. 'I fear, sah. I fear. But I go with you all the same. I not like you to go to that place by yourself. Bansu be a bad place to look for Quarmin Tay. So, though I fear, I come with you.'

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'You 're a good fellow, Quashie. And I shan't forget how you have stood by me. Tell the caretaker we will be back the day after to-morrow. By-the-bye, I suppose the hammock-men will not refuse to go?'

'I not tell 'em where we go, sah.'

'Have them here at sunrise, sharp.' Charteris took the lamp from Quashie's hand and turned to go into the house. 'And look here. Find Sergeant Oku and put him in charge of the men at once.'

They started in the gray of the early dawn, departing in such haste that by sunrise the palm grove was but a smudge on the horizon. The morning broke, dull, hot, and parching, as it often does at the end of the dry season, and a coppery haze half obscured the sun. Twenty miles they had to go. Not many, it is true, but they were long miles and hard miles, and heat and thirst and flies would accompany them on every yard of a quest which might end in nothing or in anything.

They marched in single file, as is the custom in West Africa. First Quashie as guide, then the hammock, then the police sergeant, then the relief hammock-men. Turning their backs on the sea, they struck inland over a baking plain. Then they bore away sharp to the left, tramping along steadily, hour after hour, with but two halts at foul and muddy water holes. They found nothing but low, sun-scorched bush, with never a sign of a tree, and all the way the white man's mind was disturbed and preoccupied, though, for what reason exactly, he could not tell.

At last, when the sun was high above them, the country changed. The prickly scrub lost its dead stiffness; it grew more patchy and open. They found heavy sand, and then, from over a long dune stretching away to right and left of them, came the cold salt wind. The hammock climbed the dune and stopped. Charteris clambered out and looked about him.

It was a wild and solitary prospect. On either side the interminable dune. In front a waste of dull gray waters under a steely sky. Lumps of dirty lavender-tinted foam blew along the sea edge, and neither on the land nor on the sea nor in the air was there a sign of a living thing. Nothing but sky and water and sand, and yet more sand.

He stood and stared at the solitude. Great clouds of sand, caught up by the sharp breeze, swept past him, stinging his open sweating skin.

'The ends of the earth!' he said, as he shivered and pulled up the collar of his thin flannel coat. 'Quarmin Tay 's got it all to himself. Well, Quashie, where are we, do you know?'

'Yes, sah, I not be lost. S'pose you look that way where the land go into the sea you see something go flick, flick against the sky. That be palm trees and Bansu be there, sah. But before we go on, I think we better eat. The hammock-men be tired; and s'pose we go down under the hill no one can see us.'

They ate their scanty meal, and drank of the precious water they had brought with them. Charteris had just risen to his feet when there came a violent altercation among the hammock-men. Before he could interfere, Sergeant Oku had seized upon the head bearer and held him tight.

'The hammock-men want to know, sah,' said Quashie hurriedly, 'where we are going.'

'Have you got that man, sergeant?' said Charteris.

'Yes, sir, but I make sure of him,' and the sergeant took out a handcuff and fastened the bearer's wrist to his own.

'Tell them it is Bansu,' said Charteris.

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At this the hammock-men jabbered excitedly.

'They say they can't go there, sah,' said Quashie.

'Very well. I won't try to force them. They can stay here. But you must stay with them, sergeant, or they may bolt, and that will not do. If I want you, I will send Quashie for you.'

The sergeant removed the handcuff. The hammock-men squatted down by the hammock, and Quashie and his master set off to where the flickering palms marked the fetish village. After an hour's walking Quashie stopped and turned sharp up the dune. Arrived at the top, they lay flat and peered cautiously over.

If the previous prospect had been a solitude, the one they now beheld was a desolation. The long dune ended abruptly in a little cliff, and below there stretched away dreary levels, more mud than sand, sparkling with crystals of rough salt. Perhaps in bygone days some great river had here debouched upon the sea. A hundred yards away lay the tiniest of krooms, sheltered by a grove of tall cocoanut palms. And over levels and kroom and trees blew and whistled great clouds of sand, so thick, that when the gusts were at their worst, the two men peered through a yellow haze.

'And this is Bansu?' said Charteris.

'Yes, sah.' Quashie's voice quavered, the terror of the previous night was upon him and he clutched his master's arm.

Charteris drew his glasses from their case and took a long survey. The place seemed deserted altogether. There was no sign of man, woman, or child, and no smoke.

'Why are you so frightened?' he said, shaking off Quashie's arm impatiently. 'There appears to be no one here. There is nothing to hurt you.'

'The devil be here, sah. Master not feel it? This be a bad place, sah. Oh, come away!'

'Confound the sand! It obscures everything,' muttered Charteris as he swept the glasses round. 'But I can see right into some of the huts. They're empty. And there is no one on the beach or in the sea or on the levels, and there was no one on the dune as we came along.'

'I tell master so. Captain Firminger and me, we come, we stop, and go away and not see anyone. The people go into the water. No one here, sah. Come away.'

'If we cross the open, we can be seen from all round,' said Charteris, not heeding him. 'Quarmin Tay ought to have a chance. We will stay where we are and see what happens. Don't be so terrified. I say there is nothing to hurt you.'

'Quarmin Tay not here!' Quashie muttered the words, but he made no further objection.

The white man and the black settled down to their vigil. The driven sand sprinkled and begrimed them, the cold salt wind smote upon them and chilled them, the dull baking sun sucked the last drops of perspiration from them. The black man terrified, yielding himself to the menaces of the occult powers in which his traditions had steeped him; the white man incredulous, yet less and less inclined, as time went on and he became enveloped in the forces of the great solitudes, to treat his companion's fears as imaginary. As he lay there, crouched in the sand, he could not but admit that the aspect of the little village was depressing, even sinister.

Still nothing happened. The sun began to descend. As the glare fell more directly on the salt-encrusted levels, they turned to a gray-white lake dotted with islets. But the quivering heat waves below, the whirling sand above,

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made all dim and obscure. The kroom shook and danced. Then the mirage faded, lakes and islets disappeared away into the dead levels. Charteris rose stiffly and rubbed his face.

'Look, sah! Look! Look!' cried Quashie shrilly, seizing his master's coat. 'Quick! Look!'

Charteris stared with all his eyes. Something in the kroom was moving. A long dark-colored object twisted about, then vanished. It reappeared, moving sharply among the huts, then disappeared once more. Then something splashed in the sea and threw up foam. The affair lasted but a few moments, then kroom and sea were quiet again.

'You see, sah? You see for yourself?' cried Quashie. 'Someone dance and run into the sea!'

Charteris slipped down the face of the dune and ran across the open into the village. There were a dozen huts and he entered each one in turn. He found sleeping-mats, stools, and a few earthen pots; on a lintel lay a pipe and a box of matches. In one hut he found a great pile of empty gin bottles. But there was no one there. If anyone had been there, he was gone now. The survey did not take five minutes. He waved to Quashie, who was approaching slowly — afraid to come, yet more afraid to stay by himself.

'Hurry up!' called Charteris. 'There is no one here. We must have been mistaken. Perhaps a dead palm branch was blown about by the wind and a fish splashed in the sea. Who could see clearly through all this sand? But what is that?'

The huts formed three sides of a square. In the middle of the space thus enclosed stood a post three feet high. To its top the jaws of a huge shark were fixed. They were painted in red and white stripes, as was the post itself.

'The fetish put that there,' muttered Quashie. 'Master not touch it. But I don't make mistake, sah, I see a man run into the sea.'

'I don't believe it. But where can the people have got to? The place is not deserted.'

Quashie did not answer. He peered about him uneasily. Charteris looked at his watch. It was nearly six o'clock and already growing dark. The obvious thing was to make Quashie turn out a couple of huts, and to spend the night in the kroom; but though the alternative was to spend the night on the sand, he could not bring himself to give the order. While he stood hesitating, angry at his own irresolution, he became conscious of a sour smell, stale and strong.

'That be dried shark,' whispered Quashie. 'Look there among the trees. All those bundles be dried shark, tied up in palm leaves, ready to go inland. Master better keep away from there.'

'That decides it!' Charteris would not admit to himself that he was relieved at the decision being taken out of his hands. 'We cannot sleep in that smell. Well, you were right. We've had our long and hard journey for nothing. Quarmin Tay is not here.'

'I tell master so. I tell him he see no one. But something be wrong in this place all the same.'

'Wait here a minute while I look into that canoe. Then we will go back to the sergeant and the others.'

Charteris walked to the sea edge a hundred yards away. There lay a big canoe. In it was a heap of native hooks and lines. He lifted one. The cord was damp. On the seat was a large blotch of blood.

Here were signs of recent occupancy, but where were the fishermen? There was no one on sea or shore, the mud levels afforded no shelter, the long dune had concealed no one.

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'Confound it! I believe they have changed into fish after all!' he exclaimed with irritation. 'But it's no use staying here. It's getting dark and we must go.'

He was in the act of turning away, when a shrill and sudden cry broke the stillness, and Quashie came running toward him, shrieking and waving his hands.

'Oh, sah!' he screamed, 'Quarmin Tay! Quarmin Tay!'

'Well, what about him? Quarmin Tay is not here.'

'Oh, yes, sah, he be here. Yes, sah. Here in the kroom!'

'Show me. Take me to him.'

Charteris pulled out his revolver and followed the wailing boy into the palm grove, where the bundles of dried shark lay. Quashie stooped down and laid his hand on one large package. He loosened the leaves and pulled them aside. Then he stepped back.

'There, sah!' he said. 'There be Quarmin Tay!'

The white man and the black man stared at what lay revealed.

'Good God!' exclaimed Charteris. 'It *is* a man.'

'Yes, sah. And it is Quarmin Tay. Dried like a fish, and all packed up and ready to go inland!'

'You are quite sure it is he?'

'Yes, sah. Yes. It be Quarmin Tay and no other man. I think something be queer. I — I look about. I find him. Oh! — oh! ——' Quashie checked in his speech, screamed, threw up his hands and fled away to the dune, up which he climbed and disappeared.

When he had somewhat recovered himself, Charteris pulled the leaves over the dead face and, in his turn, departed, walking slowly and forcing himself not to hurry. The shadows of the early nightfall were fast filling the little kroom. As he passed the shark fetish, a heavy thud upon the sand behind him made his heart leap to his mouth. He turned sharply, only to find that a large nut had fallen from one of the trees. He leaned deliberately against the fetish post, filled his pipe and struck a match. As he applied the light, something chuckled audibly out of the gloom. A sudden terror came upon him. He dropped the match, and ran as if for his life. Nor did he halt till he, too, had climbed the dune and rejoined Quashie.

They gazed at each other. Neither spoke, but both were shaking.

'Why did they do that?' whispered Charteris. 'Why did they not bury the body, or throw it into the sea?'

Quashie squeezed his hands together. 'I think, sah, the fetish mean to say to the girl, "You take Quarmin Tay! All right, you better keep him altogether. Take him away!" So the fetish do this thing.'

Charteris said nothing. After a little while he pointed along the dune. 'There is a light coming,' he said. 'What is it?'

'It is the sergeant with the men, I think, sah,' said Quashie.

Soon they heard voices and the sergeant called up to him. 'I have made the men come, sir,' he said, 'but I have promised them they shall not go within sight of Bansu.'

'I do not want them to. They can stay down below. We'll camp there for the night and be off early to-morrow. But tell them that Bansu is deserted.'

Charteris soon consumed his meagre meal, and then, with Quashie at his side, climbed once more to the observation post. All was quiet now. The breeze had gone, and sea and sand were at rest. Sky and sea were one deep gray. Overhead the lop-sided Southern Cross shone mistily, and a great white star gleamed low on the horizon.

'The devil is all about this country,

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Quashie,' said Charteris after a long silence, puffing at his pipe.

'Yes, sah. But there not be so many devils about now that Quarmin Tay be gone. And master has promised not to tell.'

'Yes. And sworn it too. But there is nothing to fear, now that he is dead.'

'I not want to mix up in such things, sah, all the same. And listen! Oh, listen! Someone is laughing in the kroom.'

'Nonsense! 'T is but the cry of a curlew. There is no one there. No one but Quarmin Tay, and he cannot laugh.'

'And — and — look, sah! What is that?'

Out of the shadowy mass of kroom there shot up a bright tongue of flame. Another quickly followed, and the acrid smell of burning wood smote their nostrils. More flames followed, and a cloud of thick white smoke.

'Bansu is on fire. Bansu is burning! The fetish! Oh, the fetish!' And Quashie hid his face in his hands.

Absorbed, Charteris watched the conflagration. The thatched roofs blazed. Then the grove caught fire. The trees flared into burning and swaying torches; the great nuts fell from their fifty feet of altitude. And the flames but lighted up and showed the emptiness of sea and land. For an hour the kroom blazed, and Charteris did not speak a word nor did Quashie uncover his face. Then the last of the cocoanuts fell upon the ruined huts, sending up showers of red sparks. And then the glowing mass slowly blackened and merged itself into the shadows of the night.

'The match — the match I let fall!' said Charteris at last.

'The priest is dead. The government has found Bansu out, the fetish does not want Bansu any more,' said Quashie in his melancholy voice. 'So it burn Bansu.'

Charteris said nothing.

'To-morrow, sah, the big wind blow again, and the sand move, and by night-time I think p'raps nothing be left of Bansu except bits of trees sticking up out of the ground. Bansu is finished.'

Charteris rose to his feet. 'It's time to turn in,' he said. 'We must be off early. Come down to the hammock.'

[*The Anglo-French Review*]

A DOCTOR PRESCRIBES FOR THE WORLD

BY D. T. BARRY

DURING man's occupation of the terrestrial globe there has probably never arisen a chain of circumstances involving so many and sudden changes in the adaptation to his environment as have resulted from the World War of our time. It has been a most potent cause of subversion of old-time ways and customs, of habit and routine; and the reëstablishment of order from the consequent chaos is a ticklesome problem, of which the solution has not yet been fully formulated. The occasion is specially suited to the study of the mental springs from which emanates reaction to extraneous modifying agencies; it is in the treatment of the man through his mind — the radical treatment — rather than in the direct modification of his environment — the symptomatic method — that the ultimate solution, the genesis of new adaptive faculties, must be effected. Philosophical study of these problems in the abstract — the chief type of consideration which they have hitherto received — is of the greatest interest, but it is important to give inquiry on such lines a concrete or utilitarian turn wherefrom remedial courses might be expected to evolve.

It is not the writer's aim, even were

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it within the scope of his acquirements, to give an elaborate exposition of mental states as affecting, or as affected by, social disturbance, nor does he pretend to demonstrate exact relations of mind to the phenomena of adaptation. The purpose of the present article is merely to emphasize the important bearing of the mental factor in all efforts at readjustment, and to adumbrate certain principles by which to indicate the path to settlement with stability. Rules or directions of a definite character for the practical application of the principles cannot be set out; regulation of the system can only come with experience.

To the elucidation of the processes underlying the activities of collective mind — that of the community, nation, or race — may be applied the methods adopted and the observations made in the case of individual mental characteristics. These are studied from the subjective standpoint and from the objective: by the former we *feel* that certain mental states in ourselves are the accompaniments of certain actions; and by the latter we *infer* that similar states of consciousness accompany like actions in another: we cast on the clean sheet of the object mind patterns from our own — the Clifford ejective process. We judge that choice is the criterion by which to judge action, and no action is valid for the purpose of deduction which does not accrue from conscious choice.

All action is determined ultimately by change in nerve matter, though bodily inaction does not, of course, imply quiescence of nerve centres; consequently the properties of nerve matter by which it responds to exterior influences — namely, sensibility, sensation, sense and the mental activities resulting — constitute an important basis of study. The three words here used to describe nerve properties have each a dual significance: they may be applied to attributes of the psychic higher sphere, where sensibility means susceptibility, sensation connotes emotion, and sense implies understanding or reason; but in the sensitive or vegetative sphere of nerve activity they have a different significance — namely, irritability, feeling, and perception, respectively.

The various conscious reactions to impressions from without are in general reduced to three chief types of cognizance: the cognitive, the affective, and the conative. The first-mentioned means pure recognition, a simple informative process with or without secondary reactions in the shape of judgment, decision, or other simple psychic activity. The affective order is in the ascendant when there is instability of nerve centres, which in its turn is predisposed to by defective mental training, and is evoked by such circumstances as change in living conditions; in this the emotions are given free play and sensibility of the psychic order reigns supreme. The conative mind is ruled by desire and intense ambition.

In industrial upheaval and political turmoil we have action *en masse*, and it is by no means easy to form a judgment of its determining agencies by apparent attributes of the movement. The controlled orderly procedure implies eschewal of the affective influences — that is, stability of the emotional centres, which may be induced subjectively, from within, or by extraneous suggestion. In collective mind the subjective counts for little as an ameliorative factor. Suppression of the affective makes all the difference between an orderly concourse and an undisciplined mob, but there is little to indicate its probable duration; the temper of the concourse may be quite 'brittle' and ready to crack at short notice.

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Conversely, a crowd which seems hopelessly out of hand may show itself amenable to small influences, recovering stability in a surprising manner. In the Glasgow disturbances the seething masses were subdued by a few words spoken earnestly at a critical moment, independently in great measure of the menacing attitude assumed by the authorities; a direct appeal to sense and judgment was largely effective as a deterrent, apart from the influence of fear which machine-gun preparations, etc., might have evoked. The tension of the crowd attained at the time of dispersion was not of an order for dissolution by a mere minatory performance. Morbid psychology was rampant up to a certain point, after which it gave way to balance mental action; and the transformation resulted rather from the *suaviter in modo* than from the *fortiter in re*.

The criterion as we have said for an objective study of mind is the evidence of bodily actions which enables the observer to determine, if not with absolute certainty, at least with a high degree of probability, the mental states underlying them. Mentality is conditioned by two factors — namely, its stored impressions, the accumulation of past experience, and its immediate or recent impressions accruing from present modifications of environment. The psychic attributes of collective disturbance are dependent on these modifications, but the effect of the changes varies with the stability or instability of the centres of activity concerned.

A labile condition of the nerve centres is predisposed to by the World War as an abstract occurrence: it was unsettling *per se* — that is, apart from the ultimate attendant effects on the conditions of life of the community or individual. In this state the susceptible centres are more ready for the release of the dynamic factors converting potential to kinetic, or active, energy when the occasion arises; the inhibitory force, heretofore paramount, succumbs to the motive, and specific action is the result. The ideation involved consists not merely of sensations or the memory of them, of perceptions, emotions, or the reactions determined by them, but displays in addition abstract thought and intuitive mentation. States of consciousness hitherto dissociated and independent, each *per se*, adynamic, become consolidated or woven together in such a way that the coherence grows a strong dynamic factor. Abstractions, from a state of dissociation, adhere to appropriate nuclei of the active order, thus building the particular motive power. The dissociation of ideas prevailing implies abstraction until the stimulus arrives which gives them new combinations, with concrete attributes and intensive dynamic effect.

Why, it may be asked, is it necessary to go thus profoundly into the study of metaphysics for such simple problems as those of labor sociology? The answer is that the study is not profound, displays no more profundity, in fact, than might be probed, with a little perseverance in mastering terms, by the average worker's intellect. Ignorance can no longer co-exist with progress in any nation, and to combat ignorance there is no better mental exercise than a little indulgence in elementary metaphysics; all the more is it to be commended as part of a general education because of its practical application to concrete social problems, an application which is quite as strongly indicated as that of science to industry.

Choice is the criterion of mind, and we may consider this element as an attribute presenting degrees of extensity, so that it is not merely an index

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of the existence of mind, but its scope is a measure of the mental development or power. It serves as a basis of comparison between individual and collective mind: freedom of choice is a more marked characteristic of the former than of the latter. Individual initiative is suppressed largely in the multiple complex which is the mind of the group or combination; united action is no true index of unit volition, nor does it necessarily indicate the will of the majority of the coherent units. Coherence becomes an obsession which neutralizes individual desire — a fact which is well adapted to the suggestive efforts of the representant of general interests.

Man's mind is endowed with faculties for working out his own destiny in response to his will; but it is not by sudden or violent upheaval that he can hope to find the surest course. The permanence of social improvement depends largely on the rate of its progress: rapidity of change is not conducive to facile adaptation.

Evolution according to Hegel is a progress by antagonism, but the different forms in conflict must be subordinate to unity of principle. In the social organism, when the institution lapses unity of principle does not exist. The collective institution must remain though its directorate, which is endowed with much authority by the members, needs modification; it is designed for the limitation of egoism, and when its authority fails sensibility, hedonic sensibility, becomes paramount and all antagonism is retrograde not progressive.

World mentality as a whole has been modified by war conditions, but the mentality that matters most just now is that concerned with both sides of the dispute in the labor world. Attention has been directed to the mental factor in the struggle — the 'irritable mentality' of war strain. The reference was a vague intangible one from which no guiding principles emanated. The decisions of the adjudicators in the dispute have been concerned solely with immediate demands; the hours of labor, the rates of pay, etc., have been fixed, possibly to the satisfaction of both sides; collectivism has been shelved, but the broader question of labor mind and labor's continued content in its sphere of usefulness has also been shelved, though it is an urgent part of the problem.

With the 'irritable mentality' will be found specific causes, and not the least important of them will be the lack of congenial occupation in the long leisure hours alternating with the short working day. No substitute for the toning effect of pre-war pastimes was forthcoming in the dull periods. Even still *ils s'embêtent*, or, to give our only equivalent for this happy French expression, they feel bored. Thought in consequence takes a deceptive morbid trend: subjective imaginings spring naturally from the vitiated soil; they are at first vague and indefinite but are given shape in the street corner colloquy or in the mass meeting addressed by the demagogue. The final form generally amounts to a conception of the worker's lot as an unhappy one. This is the obsession, the great occasion for metamorphosis.

In most industrial districts all off-time pursuits such as outdoor games have ceased in recent years; also there have been no libraries, no decent clubs. Men earning high wages in these districts, who wanted nothing in the way of material comfort, could not find that content and satisfaction in life which high wages are supposed to bring. A little reading would have done wonders for them had the appropriate matter been to hand; the appropriate taste for it was perhaps not

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always there waiting; to find the best means of engendering this and cognate tastes is part of the problem for the reformer. But lack of success in this latter effort does not spell failure; a taste for some other, even a non-intellectual spare-time occupation, is readily evolved. The fact is that no other pastime than the street corner conference was to hand.

In France the case is worse; not only is there entire absence of counter-attraction to the crowded *estaminets* during the unaccustomed off-hours, but there is no symptom of appreciation of the need of it. *La semaine anglaise* in such conditions will certainly not bring to the workers that measure of happiness promised by its promoters; Messrs. Raoul, Lefèvre, Basset and company will soon wake up to the fact that it must tend to unfit many of them, by disaffection and disinclination as well as by direct physical decline of their powers.

During the most intense period of the French strikes in the early part of the month of June the writer had some excellent opportunities of coming into touch with employees of some of the trades affected; many of them believed that large numbers of those 'out' were *grévistes involontaires*.

Physical exercise in congenial conditions is conducive to enhanced physiological tone, which, in its turn, reacts on the mental calibre. With systematic muscular exertion the intellect is less inclined to the morbid than with somatic or body inertia. Sedentary pursuits are, of course, not inconsistent with sane thought — that is, where this form of occupation is habitual; adaptation of the organism as a whole to adverse conditions takes place by slow degrees.

In conclusion it is submitted that the indications for special educative effort are to direct it to the inculcation of the principle of choice in decision, to evoke the faculty of recognizing the principle and the will to exercise it. Real freedom of thought and action accruing from even a moderate advance on the present standard of enlightenment must make for healthier decision and more rapid adjustment of dislocations. A limit set to the demagogue's power enhances that of the individual member, which attains its true worth, while that of the union acquires its true significance. The union thus becomes an institution adapted to the social and material betterment of its adherents and calculated to achieve its aims with a minimum of friction and misunderstanding.

[*L'Echo de Paris*]

THE CONSULTATION: A STUDY OF A BUSY MIND

BY HENRI BORDEAUX

'Your profession, sir?' 'I am a lawyer.' 'Your age?' 'Fifty-six.' 'You work hard?' 'Every day. Sometimes I also work at night.'

At this answer, which might have been his own, Dr. Baron, the nerve specialist, gazed with sympathy at his client.

'We work too hard to-day,' said he 'I speak, of course, of the intellectuals. One can't overwork the brain and escape scott-free. The laws of mechanics themselves forbid it. Mental activity requires a supply of new cells. An idea picked up along the roadside by a poet or a scholar can be of more value to humanity than all the accumulated mass of learning distilled from countless libraries. Our egalitarian era will, however, soon do away with human progress and pleasure. Just now, our class is giving a good example to the manual laborers. Your eight hours a day is not enough for you. On the other hand, manual labor in the

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open air is good for one. Wilhelm II probably feels better sawing wood than he ever did before. But intellectual labor is fatiguing. You smile?'

'Better yet, I am listening with all pleasure to your presentation of our case.'

'Well, to resume your case in a few words — sound, natural constitution, no functional troubles — but the body machine is worn. Why did you delay so in coming to consult me? You are really in genuine danger; you have got to take a rest.'

'In a few years.'

'No, immediately.'

'A long rest?'

'A year at least.'

'You are joking. It's no simple thing to take one's hands off the wheel. I have two daughters just arriving at the marriageable age, a son who is about to embark on his career, a wife who does n't know the value of money, and a sure and numerous clientele. To give my daughters their marriage portion, to give my son his start, one needs a substantial house of life. Should I get sick, the house of my life will crumble and fall.'

'Yes, and if you die, what then?'

'That's another thing, let us say an accident. You do not have to explain an accident.'

'Well, you asked for my advice, and I am giving it to you. With the help of twelve good months in the country, your nervous system should be able to rebuild itself. All other remedies would be but palliatives.'

'I shall have to content myself, then, with palliatives.'

'Get someone to help you in your office.'

'To find a helper to-day is the most difficult thing in the world. There are no longer any disciples in France, because there is no longer an intellectual hierarchy. The pupil thinks himself the equal of his master, and looks to thrust him from his place.'

'True, your students watch you; my internes spy on me. Nevertheless, you must have rest.'

'I shall rest for a week, I promise you that.'

'A period which will see you through two months.'

'How long shall I last?' asked the lawyer, rising to go. A clear smile played about his lips.

'Your constitution, as I have told you, is a sound one, and nature is illogical; I can't give you a definite answer. But you are aware of the danger; don't neglect it. It is grave.'

And studying his patient's face, the physician added:

'I exaggerate a little, perhaps, in order to help you come to a decision. You will take a long rest.'

The lawyer looked the other full in the face.

'No more than you will, doctor. Come now, don't you see that you are asking the impossible?'

And he left the office. Although very weary, he refrained from calling a cab, and made his homeward way on foot. From the Place de la Madeleine he walked down the Rue Royale to the Tuileries Gardens. Seated on an empty bench, the better to continue his meditations, he noted that the unusual physical exercise had caused him to perspire freely. He waited a little while to gather strength and then continued toward the Rue de Lille. Passers-by, on all sides of him, hurried to and fro. Indifferent to the turmoil, the lawyer resumed his study of the doctor's prognosis.

'Tried and condemned,' he said to himself, resuming his case in a professional phrase. He would last a few months, perhaps two or three years, if he took care and precaution. He would take those precautions. Two or three

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years, perhaps less. Just enough time to get his children started and arrange for his wife's future. A life insurance policy which he had recently taken out would help. He would have to work to pay the heavy premiums.

To take a year's vacation? He was a joker, that doctor. As if one could take a vacation! Only the lazy took such vacations. There are those who take it easy all their lives, and those who work all their lives, and there is no coming and going from one class to the other. A lawyer, a doctor, a professor, a factory owner are not vacationers. He thought of how his principal clients would act were they to hear that he was taking a year's rest from his business. He imagined the astonishment, the incredulity, the feeling of revolt with which his wife and children would hear his proposal of a year in the country. They would submit outwardly, of course, while in their hearts considering him egotistic, and the rumors which would be sure to spread.

He crossed the Seine just beginning to reflect the lights of the city, and entered the Rue de Lille, fast filling with twilight shadows. Suddenly he felt cold, and a fear coursed through him that he had caught a chill while sitting in the gardens. He would hurry home to shelter; he was never made for an out-of-door life.

Before going down to join his family at the evening meal he sought out the study in which he did his work. An instinct in search of security led him there. Briefs and legal papers lay in disorder on the table, and the lawyer found a secret joy in seeing this testimony to his daily toil. Presently all became clear to him. His work was his friend, his confessor, his support. To it he owed the better part of his life, the consolation of loves forgotten and ambitions unachieved which lie at the bottom of all human hearts, the forgetting of financial affairs, material things, daily worries, trickeries, jealousies. His work; he had loved nothing better. He had lost himself in it, out of it he would some day gently descend into the arms of death. To take his daily task away — why it was taking his very life. Like the majority of men, he was fit only for labor.

Reassured, he sought his family in the salon. His daughters had asked some young people to dinner; his son had invited some girls.

'You are late,' observed his wife.

'How well you look, papa!' exclaimed his daughters.

'You are growing younger,' said his son, last of all.

'And yet,' he explained, 'I have just come from the doctor's.'

'Why, are you sick?' asked his wife in surprise. 'What did he prescribe? Rest?'

He cast his eyes about the luxurious, warm salon, perfumed by spring flowers; the dining room, which could be seen through the open door, with the glasses gleaming in the subdued light of the hanging electric lamp, shaped like an alabaster bowl. And he glanced at the guests who questioned him with their eyes, vaguely startled.

'Rest: we all need it,' declared one of the young ladies. 'We have been dancing almost every day since the first of January.'

This remark dissipated the sense of discomfort which was beginning to be felt and brought things back to normal.

'For how long?' they inquired, almost laughing.

M. Rameau made up his mind. These were the risks of his trade as a man.

'A week.'

They all breathed again.

'You're in luck,' commented his wife, as the butler announced that dinner was served.

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THE ARTS AND LETTERS

COUNTRY SENTIMENT

THE hounds of spring are upon winter's traces; we rise by sunlight, and hear through the open window (which we no longer make crazed and desperate haste to close) the trill of some returning bird. The office worker, who for six days a week sits in shirt-sleeves at a golden-oak desk, running over crisp and crackly business letters, feels a pagan devil stirring in his heart and wishes himself in some wild, romantic land hastening over the hills and far away; the soldier thinks of the dark, ruined wood, the vanished friends, and the spring sunlight on the shattered roofs of the deserted town in the debatable land; the sailor stands in his dream on the bow of his ship, and watches a steady buffeting wind blow the serried waves, in parallel ranks of foam, ahead and afar to the distant edge of the world. All the fauna, major and minor, pleasant and unpleasant, of the city parks come to life; legions of baby carriages appear, and those whose feet know but the touch of asphalt would fain go forth into the field and lodge in the villages.

English literature has preserved a freedom from what I may call the asphalt mind; we have succumbed to it. There is scarcely an American book from which the exhalations of the city do not rise. Our philosophy is the philosophy of the dynamo, our poetry consists of impassioned tosh about sunbeams gilding skyscrapers, the stark-mad nonsense of our radicals rises miasma-like from our city slums; our favorite magazine serials deal with the struggles of some energetic and quite abominable youth, beset by a city temptress, 'to make good' as chief salesman of a giant toothpick corporation; even our Wild-West novels are written by city people for city people and have no more wild freedom than a taxicab. But in English poetry the music born of the hills, the blossomy hedges, and the beauty of cloud and sky has never been stilled.

I am moved to these reflections, not by the day, which is depressingly wet, but by the arrival here of Robert Graves's charming collection of out-o'-door verses entitled *Country Sentiment*. There is a rural simplicity and honesty in every note; there is much of delightful fancy. The poem 'Vain and Careless' is quite representative of Mr. Graves's whimsical vein.

> Lady, lovely lady,
> Careless and gay!
> Once when a beggar called
> She gave her child away;
> The beggar took the baby,
> And wrapped it in a shawl.
> 'Bring her back,' the lady said,
> 'Next time you call.'

Will no kind millionaire establish a fund to take our poets on excursions to the country?

MR. JOHN DRINKWATER, returned to England, has told of his experiences in America to a reporter from the *London Observer*.

'My wife and I have been away,' Mr. Drinkwater said, 'since the middle of September. I wanted to be present at the presentation of *Abraham Lincoln* in America and to lecture in various

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cities of the United States. When we arrived in New York the actors' strike had just ended, and that delayed all theatrical productions last autumn very considerably, and *Abraham Lincoln*, instead of being produced on October 1, as arranged, did not get on till the middle of December.

'Lincoln is an article of faith, as it were, in every American mind, and Americans seemed to be very interested by the fact that an Englishman should have written a play about him to be produced in New York. Ever since its production on December 15 it has been playing to full houses, and it is almost impossible to get seats without booking them weeks ahead. The play could not have been better produced than it is. In principle the production is the same as it was in London, but in detail, where local color was necessary, or where the lack of it was very noticeable, that has been supplied. The company are giving a very fine performance of the play.'

In his lecture tour Mr. Drinkwater traveled some thousands of miles through the States, and spoke more than sixty times to audiences varying in size from a few hundreds to more than three thousand. His chief subject was the English dramatist's view of Lincoln.

'I tried,' he said, 'to see what there was in him that made him universally interesting, and I found it in the spectacle of a man who made of public leadership something particularly fine and noble — a man who, in the midst of all his political affairs, which he conducted with great skill, always kept in close touch with men and women, with life, and the human factor. The lectures on this subject led very naturally to a good deal of talk about Anglo-American relations and to seeing what there is in common between the two peoples.

'What one feels is that there is a certain small section of feeling on both sides of the Atlantic which is rather inflammatory. I am quite sure it represents in America a very small minority, and I am equally sure it represents but a very small minority here.

'But I think it is of tremendous importance just now for the political well-being of the whole world that there should be a proper understanding between the two countries. We do not want to preach that Americans are Englishmen, or any nonsense of that sort. It is sufficient that there is a great deal in their character and political traditions which is like our own, and this likeness should make for a real understanding between the two peoples.

'Englishmen are a little too apt to think about the people of another nation in their own terms, and to suppose that things that are different are necessarily wrong or stupid just because they are different. Average Americans are always ready to allow that their country owes a great deal of its tradition and culture and political wisdom to England, but they object to anyone going over there and thrusting that fact down their throats. Some English people in America have been rather careless about that sort of thing. They have been inclined to try to teach America how to run its own affairs, and that makes Americans angry. And quite rightly, I think.

'But if one goes there with a normal respect for institutions and customs and habits and manners of life generally, and takes pains in a rational way to find out why they are different from our own, instead of thinking them stupid merely because we are not used to them, one finds Americans the kindliest, the most hospitable, and the most generous folk in the world, with a real affection for all English traditions.'

Mr. Drinkwater is going into the

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country to finish two plays, *Mary Stuart*, for Miss Edyth Goodall, and *Cromwell*, for Mr. Bourchier. 'I hope,' he said, 'that they will be produced by the Birmingham Repertory Theatre, as well as in London. I have also promised to write for America later in the year a 'Robert E. Lee' play. It will be of the same material as the 'Lincoln' play from another point of view, Lee being the leader of the Southern army.

'After that I think it is quite likely I shall be in charge of a London theatre in connection with a big scheme which is just taking shape in connection with activities that have been going on for some time. I also hope to keep in touch with the Birmingham Repertory Theatre.'

In *Mrs. Warren's Daughter** Sir Harry Johnston continues his practice of following out the careers of other people's children. This time he has chosen Mr. Bernard Shaw's children, Mrs. Warren and her daughter Vivien, Honoria Fraser, and others, as subjects for the play of his imagination or, as he would say, of his insatiable curiosity. It is strange that so fertile an imagination should be content to receive its first fillip from another man's brain. There is, after all, nothing in the fact of being an unlicensed sequel which adds any excellence to a work of fiction, and this particular story could just as well have stood upon its own legs.

The year 1900 finds Vivien Warren and the good-natured Honoria Fraser in successful business partnership in Chancery Lane, and they open with a dialogue which is as amusing as Honoria is delightful. Honoria goes on being delightful to the end, though she marries a simple soldier and has four children; but Vivien Warren — or is it the author's garrulity about her? — becomes tiresome long before the end of a long book. He makes her into the impossible heroine of the militant suffragist campaign, after an episode of living for some years in male clothes, becoming a successful young barrister, and palming herself off as the son of an old Welsh vicar. This masculine episode comes to an end when, after procuring the acquittal of the notorious Lady Shillito by her advocacy, she faints in the arms of Michael Rossiter, Sir Harry's superman and scientist, who is already married to a tiresome but affectionate little wife.

Then follow many weary pages about the suffrage struggle, with a good deal of foaming at the mouth on the part of the author; and it is a relief when we come to the war, which releases Vivien from imprisonment for burning racing stables and takes her to Brussels to redeem her old mother. She remains in Brussels all through the German occupation, and, after various agonies, restarts one of her mother's old hotels — they had long since become quite respectable — and finds herself in the end once more in the arms of the now famous and free Rossiter. Well, in the course of the story we learn a good deal about Sir Harry Johnston's likes and dislikes, the force of which loses nothing in their expression. On racing, on politics, on the comparative merits of lawyers, politicians, and public school men, on the importance to the nation of Bert Adamses, on the brutalities of the police, on the morals of Wales and the results of religious revivals there, on the advantage of man's clothing over women's (in detail from the skin outward), of what constitutes 'natural' children, and on many other matters of social interest he is fluent and furious, and those who like this style of thing will doubtless be thrilled.

We, unfortunately, were unable to find anything like so many nice and

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amusing people here as there were in *The Gay-Dombeys*, and must absolutely refuse to swallow Miss Warren. Might not Sir Harry's jury of British matrons whisper to him that it is unnecessary to bring novels down to the year 1920, and suggest for next time the task of seeing, say, the Swiss Family Robinson as far as 1890?

Mr. William Poel, the founder and director of *The Elizabethan Stage Society*, to whom serious Shakespearean producers owe more than they probably admit and perhaps more than they suspect, has published a pamphlet called *What Is Wrong with the Stage?* It is learned, uncompromising, and passionate, like all that Mr. Poel writes about the stage, and well worth reading. He postulates that 'what the public wants' is not the rubbish that speculators put up money to produce and to which managers affix that label; also that better plays would be forthcoming if they were not crowded out. The root of the evil is that a play, owing to the long run system and the opening up of Colonial and American markets and its film and provincial rights, has become potentially a very valuable piece of property. Those in possession of theatres do not necessarily need good plays and good acting to make money. The manager, having the monopoly in the acting rights of a play, is able to make tempting proposals to the Stock Exchange for the use of capital or loans.

'As anyone is at liberty to buy up the entire rights in a play, with a view to making a fortune out of it, if he can, a large number of competitors are brought into the theatrical market who are anxious to secure a London theatre in which to speculate with a new play. Thus rents become abnormal and prohibitive to all managers who would wish to produce a play of better quality than is felt to be suitable for the dwellers in the backwoods of civilization. And the number of these speculating managers is increased by the ease with which they can engage actors at very low salaries to tramp the world, acting for years in some farce or melodrama to the entire undoing of themselves as actors and impersonators.' Mr. Poel suggests the interference of legislation to secure eight points, of which the most important is the limitation of a manager's interests in acting rights to performances in theatres he personally rents.

The production of *The Young Visiters* continues to win extraordinary favor. Mr. W. J. Turner of the London *Mercury*, a most discerning and capable critic, even goes so far as to write:

'If *The Young Visiters* had been produced by that Russian Society called Zahda, or by the Russian Miniature Theatre, it would have been hailed as a wonderful masterpiece of bizarre and original art, and all the young freaks of London who frequent the Russian Ballet and sneer at Gilbert and Sullivan would have flocked to see it and talked of nothing else for months. As it is a product, however, of the despised English — the English who have produced the greatest imaginative literature of the world — and as also it has the misfortune to have been in its book form enormously popular, there is little likelihood of its being adequately appreciated. I must confess, however, that by the side of Mr. J. V. Bryant's production of Miss Daisy Ashford's *The Young Visiters*, the productions I have so far seen of the Zahda Art Council, which includes men of ambitious mind, and of the Russian Miniature Theatre have been distinctly *jejune* and unexhilarating.'

Let us hope that the American production will not be delayed.

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[*The London Mercury*]

THE SENSES

BY MARTIN ARMSTRONG

Lo, as a garden-wandering bee,
The soul seeks out her immortality
From all the growths and blossoms manifold
Which in this life men hold
As things material: plying busy rounds,
From the world's odors, sights, and sounds
To fill her honeyed stores.

From the perfume acrid-sweet of dead leaves burning
When autumn sunsets into dusk are turning:
From the breath of damp stone floors
And paraffin, pervading the cool porches
And aisles of village churches:
From the tepid, flat, mechanic exhalations
Of desolate tube stations:
From woody savors stirred when children wrench
Tufts out of deep moss beds: from the subtle stench
Of bad cigars and household slops, begetting
Delighted memory
Of sunny towns in France and Italy:
From the stronger, tawnier stink of dust and sweat
And camel-dung which haunts the glaring East;
And the heavy, sweet, heart-piercing odors breathed
From pale large lilies and narcissus wreathed
Round some dear head deceased.

Such smells as these, and of the sights,
The gleam on blue May nights
Of the young moon in high ancestral boughs
Among the scant young leaves:
And in the wake of the moving ploughs
The shining earth that, as the straight share cleaves,
Turns flowingly over: and the half-seen sweep
Of the high circles and the looming hollow
Of the dark opera house, where through the leap
And lapse of the music unseen hundreds follow
The curtain's slow ascent:
And the rosy apple blossom on the bent
And knotted bough, against the blue of heaven:
And the sudden rainbows riven
By the salt breeze from the billows many leaping
In the sunny Mediterranean.

And of things heard,
The cooling whisper of summer breezes sweeping
The gray-green barley fields: and the echoes stirred
By music interwoven in some dim-lighted
Cavernous cathedral: and the eighteen pounders'
Buoyant drum beats and hisses and whoops united
In a hurricane barrage: and the clear laughter and shouting
Of girls in old green gardens playing rounders:
And the ripple of fountains spouting
Over marble nymphs and dolphins drenched and cool
To the sun-splashed fountain pool,
Where golden in the Tuscan sun
The age-worn palace sleeps.

But deep in all the immortal Spirit leaps
Unquenchably, the Imperishable One
To whom through all this multiplicity
Of scattered universes longingly
The Soul, world-wandering mendicant, upreaches
Imploring hands, and as an alms beseeches
The humble coin which buys that one small treasure
Beyond all worldly measure.

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